

JANUARY 2, 1978

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TIME

MAN OF THE YEAR



Box or menthol:

Carlton is lowest.

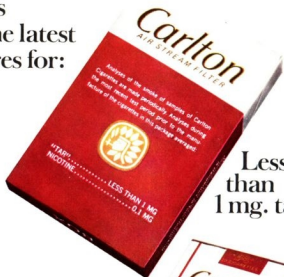
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Brand D Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V	11	0.7
Brand M	8	0.6
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Carlton Menthol less than	1	0.1
Carlton Box less than *	1	0.1

*Av. per cigarette by FTC method

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tar.

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av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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Froilan lives in the highlands of Guatemala in a one-room hut with dirt floors and no sanitary facilities. Labor there is so cheap that, for men like Froilan's father, hard work and long hours still mean a life of poverty. But now life is changing for Froilan.



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Dr. Verent J. Mills

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A Letter from the Publisher

This week's issue marks the choice of TIME's 51st Man of the Year—the individual who, in our editors' judgment, has had the most impact, for good or ill, on the course of events over the past twelve months. We usually keep that selection a secret until our year-end issue goes to press, but there could be little surprise about 1977's choice. Indeed, the world's press watched as Egyptian President Anwar Sadat helicoptered to the Pyramids on the edge of the desert and joined Photographer David Hume Kennerly to pose for the formal portrait that opens TIME's story. Close to 1,000 newsmen who were camped at the nearby Mena House Hotel to cover the peace talks watched our Man of the Year come and go. "After Sadat's journey to Jerusalem in November, our choice was all but inevitable," says World Editor John Elson, who oversaw the Man of the Year selection.

Many staffers contributed to this project. The main story was written by Lance Morrow, who already has to his credit three Man of the Year covers (The Middle Americans, 1969; Kissinger and Nixon, 1972; American Women, 1975). Much of the reporting was done by Cairo Bureau Chief Wilton

Wynn, who has known Sadat since 1953. In his 1959 biography of Gamal Abdel Nasser, Wynn picked Sadat as "one of the most remarkable members" of Egypt's then emerging leadership. For this week's story, Wynn talked with Sadat, his wife Jihan, and many Egyptians who know Sadat well, including two prominent journalists who were in prison with Sadat during World War II.



Correspondent Wynn with President Sadat

Chief of Correspondents Murray Gart joined Wynn for an exclusive interview, in which Sadat revealed for the first time the background of events that led to his memorable decision. The profile of the Egyptian President's personal, private side was written by National Political Correspondent Robert Ajemian, who spent many hours with Sadat. The story on Egypt's culture and economy was reported by Correspondent William Stewart and written by Gerald Clarke. Two other figures made major writing contributions to the section: Anwar Sadat and Henry Kissinger. Senior World Reporter-Researcher Ursula Nadasy de Gallo and Susan Reed, who has a master's degree in Middle Eastern studies, researched the Man of the Year stories.

Ralph P. Davidson

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The Good Life in Washington

To the Editors:

Bravo for your feature on Washington and Dixy [Dec. 12]. You have captured the essence of our life-style and the beauty of our state. Yes we have problems, but God has granted us so much good that these problems seem surmountable.

(Mrs.) Nancy Davidson
Grandview, Wash.

In the light of the Governor's destructive environmental plans for the beautiful state of Washington, wouldn't it have been more appropriate to picture her not as a goldfinch perched near an unspoiled shore but rather as a vulture poised men-

the existence of UFOs. I must ask: Were they there? Did they see what I saw? Eight UFOs in three different sightings and one to five competent witnesses each time. I was a skeptic once too.

Wilson M. Baltz
Bloomington, Ill.

Your article on the new nonsense was inevitable. When scientists realize that there are people who do not necessarily see things the way they do, they strike back by calling them irrational. When will they finally admit that they do not have a monopoly on the truth?

Daniel C. Russ
Atlanta

Three cheers for the attackers of the new nonsense and your article about them. As the quality of education in America erodes, the success of the many new brands of charlatanism seems to grow proportionately.

Mark Turner
Houston

There is as great a danger in extreme skepticism as there is in irrational belief. Since this field of paranormal or psychic phenomena is gaining rapidly in world attention, it is crucial for scientists, the Government, the media to be responsible in their approach to finding the middle way to truth.

(Mrs.) Ellen Cox
San Antonio

Jimmy's Preference

Hugh Sidey joins the ranks of the ridiculous with his column on the President's preference for "Jimmy" [Dec. 12]. Personally, I prefer an honest Jimmy to a boring Hugh. And, who knows, if President Hoover had been the type to prefer Herbie, he might have been a man to face up to the issues of his time.

Annette Allara
Berwyn, Ill.

Hold everything, Hughie. I just plain glory in thinking that we have a President of our great country who is called Jimmy, and wants to be called Jimmy, and insists on being called Jimmy.

Fred R. Methered
Honolulu

Middle East Priorities

In your article "Goodbye, Arab Solidarity" [Dec. 12], you ask whether Sadat moved too quickly and too far? Is 30 years all that quick? Is recognizing a political fact of life, the existence of Israel as a sovereign state for a generation, really going too far?

I just hope the Carter Administration will aid Egypt, Israel and any involved

state truly seeking peace. Arab unity may be lost in this quest. But since when has Arab unity been a goal of the U.S. in that area? Let us keep our priorities straight.

Michael A. Bennett
San Diego

In the past four wars with Israel Egypt lost many thousands of its young. Egypt, which not too long ago was a rich Arab country, is today one of the poorest. Yet when President Sadat decided to bring Egypt back to her feet and stop the bloodshed that has persisted for 30 years loud barks were heard in Tripoli.

The radical Arabs demand the continuation of the state of war with Israel. They are willing to sacrifice more Arab soldiers as long as they are Egyptian soldiers. The radicals are willing to spend billions of dollars for war. Well, Egyptians are fed up with the "generosity" of their Arab "brothers."

Mort Lapedes
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

"Have You Tried Wheaties"

Reading the story on Olympic Medalist Bruce Jenner's saying that he indeed eats the Wheaties that he promotes [Dec. 5] made me wonder how many among your readers remember the grandest *faux pas* of commercial advertising? Lou Gehrig, a champion and a hero in his day, was hired to do a commercial for Huskies, a new cereal on the market, and when asked what his favorite cereal was, what do you think he replied? "Why, Wheaties, of course, I eat them every morning." After what seemed an eternity of dead silence, the pitchman said: "You mean Huskies, don't you, Lou?" "Oh, yes! Of course, I mean Huskies."

George E. Probst
South Plainfield, N.J.

Pass the Quarterback

Your discussion of the success of undersized football carriers [Dec. 5] reminded me of the stories of my father, William Gustav Exton (1876-1943) about his playing on the Columbia varsity in the 1890s.

It was all scrimmage in those days; and with only the most primitive protective gear. The forward pass—as we know it—had not yet been allowed; the ball had to be carried by a player.

The innovative solution was to hurl the quarterback over the line of scrimmage—with the ball. This tended to put a premium on the more readily projectible quarterbacks. My father, about 5 ft. 6 in. and probably weighing not much over 100 lbs., was the human missile.

William Exton Jr.
Dover Plains, N.Y.

Address Letters to **TIME**, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020



acingly in a dark wood, or as an oil-coated mallard struggling in a polluted ocean?

Patricia L. Dudley
New York City

To depict Dixy Lee Ray as a charming, inoffensive goldfinch is singularly inappropriate. A better choice would have been a grizzly bear—and with a sore paw.

Georgia Anderson
Edmonds, Wash.

I had hoped someone would put the goldfinch back in the cage.

Gordon W. Rosier
Edmonds, Wash.

It's fairly easy for a mind trying to grasp the mysteries and complexities of nature to become canonical, fanatical or just nutty. So let's have sympathy for Governor Ray trying to compromise between the God of nature, the almighty dollar and a technocratic society.

Stanley B. Stefan
Warren, Mich.

Did You See the UFO?

For the skeptics on the Committee for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal [Dec. 12] who challenge

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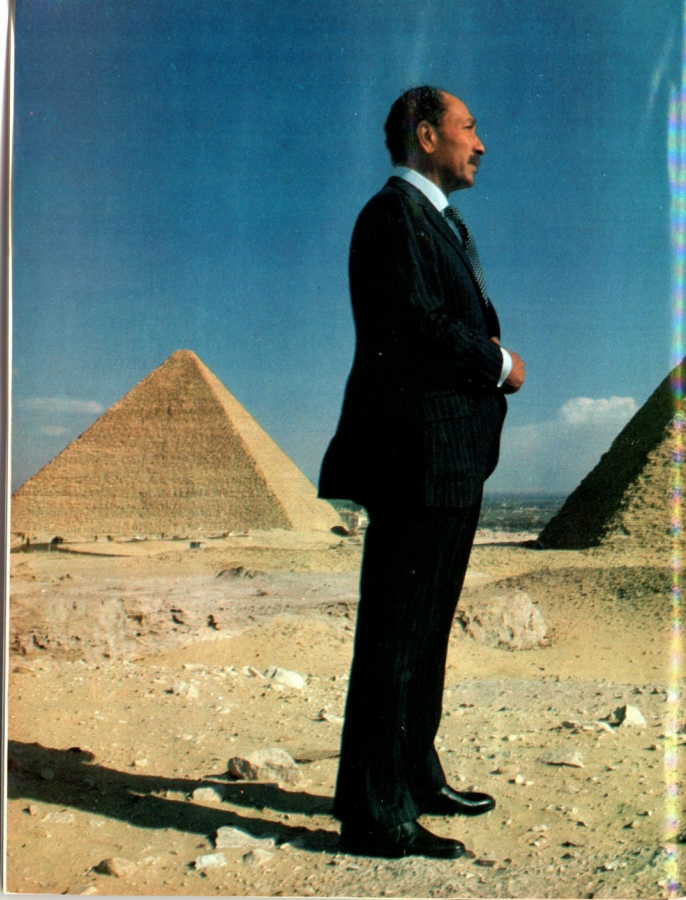


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TIME/JAN. 2, 1978

Anwar Sadat: Architect of a New Mideast

*With one stunning stroke he designed
a daring approach to peace*

He called it "a sacred mission," and history may judge it so. By the trajectory of his 28-minute flight from a base in the Canal Zone to Tel Aviv's Ben Gurion Airport, Egyptian President Anwar Sadat changed the course of Middle Eastern events for generations to come. More emphatically than anything that has happened there since the birth of Israel in 1948, his extraordinary pilgrimage transformed the political realities of a region blackened and embittered by impermeable hatreds and chronic war. In one stroke, the old rules of the Arab-Israeli blood feud no longer applied. Many of the endless hurdles to negotiation seemed to dissolve like Saharan mirages. Not in three decades had the dream of a real peace seemed more probable. For his willingness to seize upon a fresh approach, for his display of personal and political courage, for his unshakable resolve to restore a momentum for peace in the Middle East, Anwar Sadat is TIME's Man of the Year.

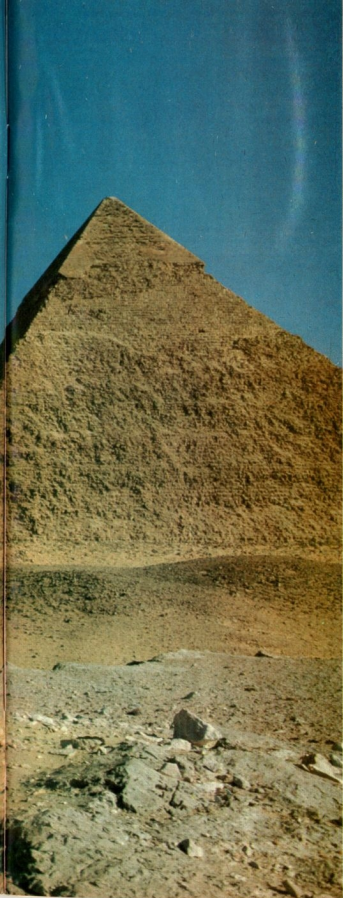
"What I want from this visit," Sadat had told TIME Cairo Bureau Chief Wilton Wynn during the historic flight that took him to Jerusalem, "is that the wall created between us and Israel, the psychological wall, be knocked down." The wall fell. The astonishing spectacle was global theater—the images carried off television satellites to viewers around the world. In a wash of klieg lights, the Egyptian who had hurled his armies across the Suez Canal in 1973 stood at attention next to the old Irgun guerrilla whose name has been a dark legend to Palestinian Arabs for 30 years. An Israeli military band played first the Egyptian national anthem, *By God of Old, Who Is My Weapon*, and then the Israeli *Hatikvah*. In a hushed, deeply moving tableau, Sadat walked along the receiving line with Israeli Premier Menachem Begin to greet the old and resolute enemies: former Premiers Yitzhak Rabin and Golda Meir, Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan, Ariel Sharon, "Israel's Patton," who thrust Israeli armor deep into Egypt in the October War of 1973.

Next day, fulfilling a vow he had made to himself (see *interview*), Sadat prayed in Al Aqsa mosque in the Old City of Jerusalem, one of Islam's holiest places. Then the son of Ishmael stood before the sons of Isaac in the Israeli Knesset and formally declared that the deep, violent enmity between them had somehow passed.

Sadat's demands on Israel, in exchange for peace, were tough and familiar: the return to Arab sovereignty of all territory (including East Jerusalem) conquered during the 1967 Six-Day War; a homeland for Palestinians on the West Bank and in Gaza. Yet far more important were the generous words of acceptance that few Israelis ever expected to hear from an

Egyptian President Sadat standing before the Pyramids of Giza

The old rules of the Arab-Israeli blood feud no longer applied.



Arab head of state, least of all in their own parliament.

Said Anwar Sadat: "We used to reject you, true. We refused to meet you anywhere, true. We referred to you as the 'so-called Israel,' true. At international conferences our representatives refused to exchange greetings with you, true. At the 1973 Geneva Peace Conference our delegates did not exchange a single direct word with you, true. Yet today we agree to live with you in permanent peace and justice. Israel has become an accomplished fact recognized by the whole world and the superpowers. We welcome you to live among us in peace and security."

What Sadat called the "electric shock diplomacy" of Jerusalem was galvanic—and he moved swiftly to make sure that the good will created by his mission was not dissipated. Within three weeks, Israeli diplomats and journalists were flying into Cairo to attend—along with a U.S. delegate and a United Nations representative—a pre-Geneva conference that Sadat had convoked. Even though the two countries were still technically at war, the Israelis found themselves welcomed with astounding warmth and joy by Egyptians. Near Alexandria, the Defense Ministers of Egypt and Israel met to discuss military maps. Now Menachem Begin had proposals. They would talk, face to face, said Sadat. Where? At Sadat's rest house near Ismailia. Each day brought its swirl of events, its new initiatives, its new improbabilities.

The Middle East, of course, is strewn with the ruins of old hopes for peace—colonial commissions, the corpses of assassinated mediators, United Nations resolutions signed but unhonored. Despite the euphoric glow last week in Cairo and Jerusalem, no one who has long watched the region's affairs was likely to announce: "Peace is at hand." Anwar Sadat had headily mixed statesmanship and showmanship, but that is a volatile combination. The very headlong momentum that Sadat had forced raised the question of whether he was practicing a durable diplomacy.

Initially, Washington feared that Sadat, by seizing the diplomatic reins from the U.S., might be moving too far ahead of events, too far away from the other Arab states that must be nudged along if a meaningful peace treaty is to be signed. The Administration was also concerned that Israel might not offer enough in return, or that Sadat would jeopardize an over-all Middle East peace by signing a separate Egyptian-Israeli accord.

These were and are legitimate cautions. There is ample truth in the cliché that those who ignore history are condemned to repeat it. But it is also true that slavish adherence to past precepts is the enemy of political creativity. Sadat's extravagant gamble made it possible for all parties concerned to think of the Middle East problem in a nontraditional way. Courageously, he broke a pattern of stalemate and mutual hostility between Israel and Egypt, the most populous and politically powerful of Arab states. Sadat's countrymen welcomed him home from his peacemaking voyage with ululations of joy, as if he had led his legions to victory over their mortal foe. Other Arabs were shocked, puzzled or silent. The Saudis, whose oil wealth has helped keep Egypt from bankruptcy for the past ten years, went quietly but cautiously along. He received too the tacit support of Jordan's King Hussein. But radical Palestinians denounced Sadat as a traitor and put a price on his head. A so-called summit of Arab "steadfast states" in Tripoli, convoked by Libya's Muammar Gaddafi, froze relations with Egypt. Calling their bluff—with-out Egypt defending the southern front, another Arab war against Israel would be a hopeless enterprise—Sadat broke off relations with Syria, Libya, Algeria, Iraq and South Yemen. His critics, said Sadat, were "dwarfs."

The Israelis, for their part, were impressed by Sadat's imagination. They knew that he had called on them for a creative response. They knew also the risks he had taken, risks that would lead, if not to peace, then very possibly to war. If Sadat did not succeed, he would lose all credibility within the Arab world. He would be left with one option, and the Israelis knew that the Egyptian President was fully prepared for that bloody alternative. Said Henry Kissinger this week: "It will take a monumental mess-up to derail Sadat's initiative. But if it fails, there will be war."



Sadat lands at Ben Gurion Airport to begin his historic visit



Calling for Palestinian rights in his address to the Knesset



A warm moment with Premier Begin at Jerusalem's King David Hotel

Man of the Year

Whether or not that fifth Arab-Israeli war takes place depends much on the flexibility and political acumen of Premier Menachem Begin (see box), whose own strength of character and sense of purpose made Sadat's historic venture possible. It will long be remembered that Sadat said he would go to Jerusalem to seek peace. But it must not be forgotten that Menachem Begin said "Come ahead." Together the two leaders made their extraordinary compact: "No more war."

To the surprise of Washington, if not that of his countrymen, Begin became Premier after his Likud coalition won a narrow victory in last May's national election, thereby ending 29 years of Labor-led coalition governments. Many Israelis had dismissed Begin as an aging, right-wing relic of their country's fierce struggle for independence. But, though ailing with heart trouble, Begin has responded actively to Sadat; he has demonstrated a large sense of history and a determination to be remembered as the man who brought peace to Israel.

Nothing merited the world's attention in 1977, or captured it more decisively, than events in the Middle East. But in other areas too there were signs of hope, new initiatives well undertaken. Early in his first, sometimes bumbling year as President, Jimmy Carter launched his human rights campaign. At home, the President's critics complained that the policy was either naive or cynical, since the Administration made clear that when it came to such allies as South Korea or the Philippines, human rights would be secondary to U.S. strategic interests. Abroad, the Soviets and other East-bloc nations protested that Carter was interfering in the domestic concerns of sovereign states. But Carter had struck a chord, and throughout the year the sound would not be stilled. The campaign focused world attention upon political thuggery, torture, repression—and there were reverberations. The Pinochet regime in Chile belatedly sought to polish its discredited image by announcing that it was disbanding the country's notorious secret police agency, DINA. In Iran, the Shah's hated secret police organization, SAVAK, eased up somewhat on political dissidents. In the Eastern bloc, the human rights campaign produced mixed results, with a few gains for dissidents, but in some countries an even more repressive climate.

Here and there, democracy fared well. Not, however, in South Africa, where the government of Prime Minister John Vorster cracked down harder than ever upon a restless but dispirited black majority and banned or arrested many of the country's leading voices of dissent. But in Spain, after four decades of repressive dictatorship, more than 20 million voters turned out peacefully to accomplish what Spanish newspapers called "a triumph of moderation." Parties of both the far left and far right were rejected in favor of a middle-of-the-road government headed by Premier Adolfo Suárez González and dominated by his Democratic Center Union. Voters in India swept Prime Minister Indira Gandhi out of office after 18 months of her emergency rule. The new Prime Minister, Morarji Desai, launched civil and criminal investigations into the discredited Gandhi government, but by year's end had still not focused his attention upon India's real problems of overpopulation, economic inflation, unemployment and growing labor troubles.

Radical terrorism remained an affliction of the Western democracies, but one battle was won in that war. West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt bravely outplayed the Palestinian terrorists who skyjacked a Lufthansa airliner in October, saving the lives of 86 with a commando attack at Mogadishu, Somalia. Soon afterward, however, the body of Industrialist Hanns-Martin Schleyer, who had been kidnapped by Baader-Meinhof gangsters six weeks earlier, was found in the trunk of an abandoned car in France.

Yet it was the Middle East that gripped the world's attention for much of the year. And it was Anwar Sadat who caught the world's imagination by his diplomatic *coup de théâtre*. In retrospect, there should not have been too much surprise that it was Sadat, of all the Middle East's leaders, who moved in an unexpected way to get peace negotiations stirring again.

Sadat is a far more vigorous and visionary statesman than has been generally perceived. And he has shown in the past that he is capable of surprises. In 1971, which he boldly and perhaps foolishly declared would be a "year of decision" for the Middle East, he offered to search for a peace settlement with Israel—a proposal that the Jerusalem government of Premier Golda Meir turned aside. The following year he abruptly evicted Soviet military advisers and experts from Egypt in a gesture toward the West that Washington failed to follow up. Then in October 1973 he caught Israel off guard with his Yom Kippur attack across the Suez. All these events, like his mission to Jerusalem, appear to have been dictated by a powerful and almost desperate internal logic.

Sadat not only wants peace but profoundly needs it. Egypt, disastrously impoverished and overpopulated, claustrophobically crowded into the life-sustaining Nile Valley, can no longer afford to spend 28% of its national budget on military hardware to aim at Israel. Egypt is also deeply weary of fighting. In the four bloody wars against Israel (1948, 1956, 1967, 1973), Egypt, of all the Arab states, has absorbed the heaviest losses. In '67



Sadat at the Sinai Front a few months before start of October War

Both a war and a mission were dictated by internal logic.

Egypt lost 3,000 killed, v. 600 for the Syrians and 696 for the Jordanians. Today the Nile Valley nationalism always present in the Egyptian character is asserting itself against the larger, Pan-Arab idea. Over and over Egyptian army officers repeat: "No more Egyptian blood will be shed for the Palestinians." That does not mean that Sadat intends to sell out the Palestinians. But he may be willing to ignore Yasser Arafat's Palestine Liberation Organization if he works out what he feels is a fair solution to the Palestinian problem, and the P.L.O. refuses to accept it.

Ironically, Sadat started his peace campaign by going to war. The road to peace in the autumn of 1973 seemed totally blocked. Both Arabs and Israelis stared down diplomats as impassively as gunfighters. The U.S. and the Soviets were preoccupied with détente. To coax some movement toward peace, Sadat made one of his swift, dramatic decisions. He chose to attack Israel. His goal was to score a limited victory along the Suez Canal. This, he reasoned, would shore up Arab morale, demonstrate that ultimately no military solution was possible in the Arab-Israeli struggle, and get the peace process started. By the end of the 18-day war the Egyptian army had taken a battering from the Israelis, whose forces west of the Suez were within 45 miles of Cairo, and allied Syrian forces to the north had been utterly routed. But in the first week of fighting, Israeli forces had been caught by surprise and staggered; Sadat felt he had made his point.

He followed with a series of quick, pacific gestures. He accepted a cease-fire with Israel and asked for a Geneva con-

ference. Less than three weeks after ordering his armor into the Suez Canal area, he called in a building contractor, his friend Osman Ahmed Osman. Sadat's instructions: prepare a plan for reconstructing the war-ravaged cities along the Suez Canal. Sadat told Osman: "I want to rebuild those towns right with in range of Israeli guns. I want to show the Israelis that I don't intend to make war against them again."

Sadat in those days was optimistic, and thought that peace could come quickly with the backing of the U.S. When Henry Kissinger began his shuttle diplomacy to negotiate a Sinai disengagement, Sadat wrapped him in the full Arab embrace and called him "my dear friend Henry." But the momentum died. A Geneva conference was delayed. The Syrians postponed a disengagement on the Golan Heights for months while they quibbled over details. Then U.S. policy became paralyzed by Watergate and the collapse of Richard Nixon's authority. When Gerald Ford became President, Sadat tried again for a peace agreement. But a poisonous war atmosphere started spreading once more. Sadat next risked what he called a "diplomatic pre-emptive strike" by announcing unilaterally that he was reopening the Suez Canal, which had been closed since the 1967 war. That same week he met with Ford in Salzburg; in September 1975 came the second Egyptian-Israeli Interim Agreement, which restored the western edge of the Sinai, including the Abu Rudeis oilfields, to Cairo's control.

For a man seemingly addicted to surprise, Sadat has a talent for patience. He waited for the 1976 U.S. presidential election, and then Carter's inauguration. Meanwhile, the savage Lebanese civil war split the Arab world into quarrelling camps and reduced all peace talk once more to diplomatic abstraction.

Sadat said, again and again, "In the game of Middle Eastern peace, the U.S. holds 99% of the cards." He switched from the old Arab policy of trying to force the U.S. to abandon Israel in favor of the Arabs. He knew that only as a friend of Israel could the U.S. influence it. "You have a special relationship with Israel," he told a group of American businessmen on a TIME-sponsored tour of the Middle East, "and I want you to keep that relationship." While Sadat encouraged American leaders to believe that a Middle East peace was in their interest, he also forged a tight alliance with Saudi Arabia—not only his bankroller but also a vital source of U.S. energy supplies.

Sadat began 1977 at his lowest political ebb since taking office seven years earlier. In mid-January, Cairo and Alexandria erupted in the worst rioting since the days of King Farouk—protests against Sadat's increased food prices and his government's general failure to raise living standards or improve the country's tumbledown public services. In the end, 80 Egyptians were killed and nearly 1,000 arrested. Sadat had to cancel his price increases and call out the army to restore order. Although Saudi Arabia, other Arab oil states, and the U.S. put together a \$5.4 billion emergency-aid package, the riots made it clearer than ever that Egypt needed to turn its priorities from war machinery to economic development.

For Sadat it was a difficult time. He began to woo Jimmy Carter, and heard heartening words in return. Carter referred to the need for a "Palestinian homeland," the first time an American President had used that meaning-laden code phrase. Carter mentioned Israeli withdrawal from all occupied territories—except for minor frontier changes—and went even further than current Arab demands in proposing compensation for Palestine Arab refugees.

Begin: Partner for Peace

It is one of the ironies of the Middle East that Menachem Begin, 64, should emerge as Sadat's partner in the new quest for peace. Few would have dared predict this role for Begin last spring, when he became Israel's seventh Premier after his unexpected victory in a national election. His long-established image as an intransigent, superhawkish ultra-Zionist sent waves of concern, and even fear, throughout much of the world. The Arab press, led by Cairo, bitterly denounced him as a dangerous annexationist dreaming of a Greater Israel. Even Jimmy Carter hinted that he was concerned that Begin's election might "be a step backward toward the achievement of peace." In Israel itself, some of Begin's defeated Labor opponents warned grimly that his right-wing Likud coalition "will force us into another war."

The biggest question was whether Begin, this perennial angry voice of the opposition in the Knesset since Israel's founding, had the imaginative gifts to become a statesman once power was his. The flexibility he has demonstrated in responding to Cairo's peace initiatives so far indicates that the answer will be yes. Begin should have no trouble taking forthright moves for he is bolstered by his enormous self-confidence. His countrymen appreciate this. According

to a popular apocryphal story currently making the rounds in Israel, the Premier's wife Aliza ruins an omelet that she is preparing in the kitchen. In frustration she cries out: "Oh God!" Answers Menachem from the next room: "Never mind, Aliza. I only told you to call me that in public."

Begin probably has a firmer hold on Israel than any leader since his old antagonist, David Ben-Gurion, and it is this very strength that helped make Sadat's peace initiative possible. A close Begin aide confides: "The Premier believes that Jewish history [in Israel] stopped in 1963 when Ben-Gurion retired and only started again this year with his election to the premiership." With the backing of the 15 Deputies from Yigael Yadin's Democratic Movement for Change, who joined the government in October, Begin's ruling coalition now commands a healthy 78 votes in the 120-seat Knesset. Moreover, Begin is autocratic in running his government. He has banned smoking at Cabinet meetings, and Lord help the luckless minister who is discovered leaking a secret to the press. In domestic policy, the Premier has moved rapidly to cut through his country's well-entrenched bureaucracy and replace the semisocialism of past Labor governments with free-market reforms.

Israelis are plainly pleased with Begin's performance. His popularity in polls has jumped from 62% just before Sadat's visit to nearly 90% on the eve of this week's Ismailia summit. Like Sadat, Begin has a strong sense of the theatrical, and his distinctive style is one of his major assets. To the public, his famed Old World courtliness seems to be a refreshing contrast to the casual, open-shirt informality of the Labor governments. The Premier is rarely seen in public without a jacket and tie, usually bows to the Israeli flag (no other Premier did this) and is scrupulously polite to his staff. His predecessor, Yitzhak Rabin, was introverted, often seemed indecisive and headed a quarrelsome government tarred by corruption charges. Begin is an enthusiast, transparently honest, and a devoutly Orthodox Jew. Says a Labor-appointed official who was kept in his post by Begin: "The Premier is a very proud Jew, very conscious of history, very conscious of the Holocaust. He makes Jews all over the world, as a people, feel very proud of themselves."

But beneath Begin's disarming good manners are a quick, disciplined mind, sharp tongue and a will of tempered steel. He is so savage in the give-and-take of political debate, for instance, that his Knesset speeches became famous as bloodlettings. These dramatic personality contrasts have earned Begin the description "inverted sabra"

The Arabs drew some encouragement when then Israeli Premier Yitzhak Rabin had a chilly meeting with Carter, another sign that the U.S. no longer was giving blank-check backing to Israel. Sadat became even more optimistic when he traveled to Washington in early April. A vital part of the Egyptian's strategy had been to establish personal contact with Carter. As Arabist William Polk puts it, "Sadat is a great actor. He loves and warms to an audience."

The surprise election of Menachem Begin in May brought down a cloud of pessimism again, but Sadat insisted: "It does not matter who governs Israel. There are no doves in Israel, only hawks." Sadat was more troubled for the moment by Russia. He detected a Soviet hand in the Cairo riots and feared that Moscow was out to overthrow moderate Arab regimes, including his own. It bothered him particularly that the Russians were installing sophisticated electronic surveillance devices at Libyan airfields. Sadat dispatched Foreign Minister Ismail Fahmy to Moscow to ask the Soviets to desist. When they did not, Sadat made one of his trip-hammer decisions: he sent the Egyptian air force to pulverize the bases. An Egyptian official admits: "We broke the rule: we attacked a brother Arab country." But Sadat felt he could not worry about all his borders simultaneously. He removed the threat from Libya.

As Sadat pushed for a Geneva settlement, U.S. domestic politics became a powerful factor. In October the U.S. and the Soviet Union issued a joint declaration on Middle Eastern peace, restating the basic points of Security Council Resolution 242 (which clearly implies that Israel has the right to exist in peace and security after withdrawing from occupied Arab territories). But the declaration went further than 242 in mentioning "the legitimate rights" of the Palestinians, a code phrase roughly equivalent to calling for a Palestinian en-

tity of some kind. That declaration brought a furious reaction from some American Jewish organizations and other pro-Israeli groups. In a bitter bargaining session with Israel's Moshe Dayan, Carter backed down and announced that the U.S.-Soviet agreement would not be the basis of a Geneva conference. After this display of power by the pro-Israeli organizations within the U.S., Sadat began to rethink his strategy of looking for a settlement strictly through U.S. channels.

Israel had built up an arsenal of sophisticated arms, including nuclear weapons, that beggared the Arab military potential. General Mohamed Abdel Ghany Gamassy, Egypt's Minister of War and overall commander of the armed forces, told Sadat that if war broke out, his army would be devastated. Because of Sadat's frosty relations with Moscow, there was no longer a Soviet supply link; Egyptian forces had slipped badly in relation to the Israelis since the strike across the Suez in 1973. Now Cairo began to hear rumors that Menachem Begin was ready to use his hardware for a pre-emptive "war of annihilation" against Arab armies if the U.S. began putting too much pressure on Israel. Sadat's "American connection" carried with it an ominous danger.

In late October Gamassy and his commanders urged Sadat to push hard for a peace settlement: the military, which is the anchor of Sadat's domestic support, pledged to back any move he cared to make. But if Carter's hand was indeed stayed by the U.S. pro-Israeli lobby, there seemed no obvious leverage with which to seek Israeli concessions. To the chagrin of Washington and the outrage of most Arabs, Begin's government had encouraged new settlements in the occupied territories. All told, there are now 51 Jewish settlements on the West Bank, 19 in the Sinai, and 26 on the Golan Heights. The U.S. maneuvered for a Geneva peace conference, but the process degenerated into procedural nitpicking, much of it on the key issue of who

—after the Israeli desert fruit that is prickly outside but soft and sugary within. The Premier's sweetness is on the surface; the toughness is inside.

Foreign impressions of Begin have improved substantially in recent months. A number of Egyptian officials now argue that both Begin and Sadat are men of action who like to probe and test situations. The U.S. has grown less

worried about Begin in office than about a disaster that would force him to resign. Says one top American policymaker: "Losing Begin through sickness or death, God forbid, would be the very worst thing that could happen." According to Western diplomats who have dealt with Begin, he is open-minded on most issues and will sometimes change his position after listening carefully to coun-

terarguments. There are two important exceptions that trigger deep passion: he refuses even to consider any discussions with the Palestine Liberation Organization; and he has repeatedly said he will not accept hostile troops based on the West Bank, which he refers to by its ancient biblical names, Samaria and Judea. To some U.S. officials, Begin's hawkish background now appears to be an asset. Since no one can accuse Begin of being soft on the Arabs, he can be as flexible in dealing with them as that old cold warrior, Richard Nixon, was in negotiating with Peking.

Nonetheless, some of his political adversaries wonder if Begin's years as a hard-liner ultimately will prevent him from offering enough concessions—particularly on the West Bank—to make a lasting peace possible. Retorts one supporter: "Begin is convinced that he can achieve the impossible. He is haunted by his heart problem [he has twice been hospitalized since the election with serious coronary attacks], which means that time is slipping away, and by how history will compare him with his greatest opponent—Ben-Gurion. He is trying to fight his way into Jewish history books as the leader who brought the peace Ben-Gurion never achieved." So far at least, Begin has maintained the peace momentum begun by Sadat; if he carries on, he will have assured his place not only in Jewish history but in world history.



Israel's Menachem Begin being kissed by Daughter Leah after his spring election victory

Man of the Year



Sadat with Nasser before the Egyptian parliament (1964)



Presiding, in Admiral's uniform, at reopening of the Suez Canal (1975)

would represent the Palestinians. Sadat believed that if everyone continued quibbling over what he called "a word here, a comma there," he would not get to Geneva for months; peace might be delayed for years. High-level diplomats think Sadat also had another fear: at Geneva, his moderate position might be outvoted by the Russians, who hate him, and by hard-lining Syrians and Palestinians.

And so the Egyptian was led to his historic leap of imagination. It represented such a total change in Arab behavior that at first no one believed that Sadat meant what he said. In a speech on Nov. 9 to the Egyptian parliament, Sadat declared: "There is no time to lose. I am ready to go to the ends

of the earth if that will save one of my soldiers, one of my officers, from being scratched. I am ready to go to their house, to the Knesset, to discuss peace with the Israeli leaders."

Almost everyone assumed that the statement was only a rhetorical flourish. Despite numerous secret contacts over the years, it had been uniform Arab policy not to deal publicly with Israeli leaders. During the time of the British mandate in Palestine, Arab leaders would never sit at the negotiating table with their Zionist counterparts. After the creation of Israel in 1948, the boycott was even more thorough. At the Arab-Israeli Lausanne conference of 1949, the two sides stayed in separate hotels, never saw one another, and communicated only through couriers. When Lebanon's Charles Malik was president of the U.N. General Assembly, he once strayed into the Israeli pavilion at an international fair and drank a champagne toast. He was photographed in the act and was savagely attacked throughout the Arab world.

Early this year Sadat himself vowed: "As long as there is an Israeli soldier on my land, I am not ready to contact anyone in Israel at all." Thus his announcement caught even his wife Jihan by surprise (see box). In fact, Sadat had secretly been mulling over the idea for some months. On Nov. 14 Sadat told CBS-TV's Walter Cronkite that he was ready to go to Jerusalem if asked. Menachem Begin responded with Israel's formal invitation. One of the diplomatic sensations of the century was accomplished.

Sadat, of course, had every reason to take pride in his initiative. Yet even though he had at least temporarily eclipsed Washington as the indispensable peacemaker in the Middle East, his breakthrough would not have been possible without the efforts by the U.S. to coax the region toward stability. Under Richard Nixon and Gerald Ford, Henry Kissinger embarked upon the shuttle diplomacy that helped restore U.S. credibility in the Arab world, which had increasingly been heeding the Soviet call. And credit also belonged to Jimmy Carter. His activities and statements on the Middle East at times seemed erratic, but they stirred diplomatic movement in a useful way and led Sadat to know that the U.S., too, had a leader willing to consider new approaches. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, another new figure in the equation, served as a stabilizing influence by



As military cadet (at bottom)



Under arrest in 1946

impressing both Arabs and Israelis as an honest broker.

Sadat's gamble raises big new questions for the Middle East. The central issue no longer concerns the possibility of peace. The questions now are: What kind of peace? And at what cost to whom? Arab unity has been shattered. Despite the ferocious anti-Sadat rhetoric of the rejectionists, it is they who are isolated, not Egypt, so long as moderate Arabs back the quest for peace. For the moment, the influence of Yasser Arafat and his Palestine Liberation Organization is on the wane. In trying to cope with the conflicting demands of his constituency, Arafat declined to seize the moment, refused to join in the peace process. Jimmy Carter all but read the P.O. out of a settlement when he denounced it as "completely negative." In desperation, moderate Palestinians may eventually be willing to go along with any Sadat-Begin arrangement for the West Bank and Gaza. If that happens, radicals would desert Arafat and coalesce around the irreconcilable George Habash and his Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine.

Could Sadat and Begin conclude a separate peace, one that ignored all the other problems of the area? Almost everyone involved denies that such an arrangement is possible or desirable. Nonetheless, a "comprehensive" settlement for the Middle East could be preceded by a modified separate agreement involving Egypt and Israel. National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski offers this analysis: "A separate Egyptian-Israeli deal is not likely to endure. Nor is it acceptable to Sadat. But if there is movement of the moderate Palestinians, the Jordanians and the Saudis, then we have the makings of real, real progress." Brzezinski proposes a theory of "concentric circles" for negotiations. The first circle, now in process, involves talks between the Israelis and Egyptians, with the U.S. hovering close by. The second circle of activity would include the moderate Arabs. The third circle, encompassing the Soviets and Syrians, would be the last.

As he flew to Ismailia on Christmas Day, Menachem Begin was fortified by the Israeli Cabinet's unanimous approval of his peace plans—approval gained in a 7½-hour closed session of the Cabinet. In his briefcase were the proposals that Begin had discussed with Jimmy Carter the weekend before, though by now they had been refined considerably. By Begin's arrival in Egypt, like Sadat's in Israel, was another historic step, though this was no state visit. There was no pomp and ceremony. Only a small group greeted Begin's 707 as it landed at the military airbase of Abu Suweir—one that the Israelis had bombed in 1967 and 1973. An army helicopter then took Begin to Ismailia, where he and Sadat greeted each other warmly, like old friends. Within hours the leaders were able to announce substantial progress: two key committees would be formed, one headed by the respective Foreign Ministers, the other by the defense chiefs. These groups, explained Begin, "will work out all the details, which will lead to the signing of peace treaties." So alive now was the momentum for peace that one high-level Israeli official said he expected these special committees to convene within a day or two. The progress seemed so positive that Sadat invited Begin to stay overnight for further discussions. "Praise be to Allah," said Sadat, "that we have started giving a push forward even before the end of the talks."

Barring disaster, the Begin-Sadat Christmas meetings could produce an umbrella declaration of principles and perhaps a

token arrangement of mutual good will. After that, the Cairo conference already in session could itself be raised to the ministerial level for purposes of negotiating a detailed settlement. Sadat has told TIME (see interview) of his willingness to make his arrangements with Begin, and then inform the other Arab states that he has negotiated a framework in which they too can negotiate. In effect, Sadat is thinking of a separate peace with sequels—leaving the other Arabs to work on their own special accommodations. To avoid appearing to have made his own deal at the expense of his Arab colleagues, Sadat could refuse to sign a formal peace treaty but instead initial a memorandum of understanding that would call for major withdrawals by Israel from the occupied territories. This might tempt Jordan, and eventually Syria, to talk separately with Israel.

Saudi Arabia, with its oil wealth and its links to both moderates and rejectionists, remains crucial to any permanent peace in the Middle East. Although the Saudis have been cautious since the beginning of Sadat's initiative, it seems unlikely that they would stand in the way of a settlement. They have not only invested heavily in Egypt's future, they have a political and economic investment in Middle East stability. The Saudis could play a key role in reconciling the Syrians to the Egyptian design for peace. The Syrian economy is in grave difficulty, with inflation running at 25%. If the Saudis offered major financial backing in return for a Syrian-Egyptian reconciliation, President Hafez Assad might have to assent, no matter how much he dislikes the idea of negotiating with Israel. But Assad's position is a delicate one. He belongs to a minority Muslim sect (the Alawites), and his seven-year-old regime is the longest that

Syria has managed since 1946. Should he accept a Sadat-dictated peace approach, he might well face internal efforts to overthrow him.

If, with Saudi acquiescence, the Egyptians conclude an arrangement with the Israelis, and the Syrians, Jordanians and moderate Palestinians fall into line, an almost complete Middle East peace would be in sight. That prospect opens wider horizons, ones already being discussed. In Cairo, Egyptians were speculating last week about an eventual unofficial alliance of Egypt, Israel and Iran that would link three countries with complementary economic assets: manpower, Western technology and oil wealth. For the first time, Egypt would have non-Arab allies in the region. The basis for such a partnership would be common opposition to extension of Soviet or leftist power in the Middle East—a reflection of Sadat's conviction that the real danger to him is represented by the Soviet Union, not Israel.

Before Sadat flew to Israel, the Middle East appeared to be on another of its terrible swings toward war, another violent spasm in the tragic politics of the region. But by one act, the Egyptian President has broken through the seemingly predestined cycle of hatred and killing. Not since the founding of Israel in 1948 has the will for peace in the Middle East been stronger. If his specific initiative proves unfruitful, there remains a danger that both sides might once again gear up for war. And yet it seems unlikely that the past's bitter patterns of stagnation and violence could return. The very memory of Anwar Sadat at Ben Gurion Airport, at Al Aqsa mosque, at the Knesset, will serve as an enduring reminder that a better way for the Middle East is possible.



Premier Begin and President Sadat meeting at Ismailia on Christmas Day

"Praise be to Allah that we have started giving a push forward."

The Gift of the River Nile

Arab by definition, its people have a history that makes them proud

Looked at on a map, Egypt is a big country: 386,900 sq. mi., or about the size of France and Spain put together. A satellite photo, which can distinguish between desert and arable land, tells a different story. Viewed from space, the real Egypt—the land that man can live on—is small and lotus-shaped. A thin, two- to ten-mile-wide strip of green, the flower's stem, follows the Nile north from the Sudan border; then, near Cairo, comes the blossom, the Nile Delta. In that narrow space of 13,800 sq. mi., no larger than Taiwan, live 37.8 million people, or 97% of the country's population. Almost all the rest of Egypt is brutal, dun-colored desert, unchanged and scarcely touched since the pharaohs. Egypt today is still, as Herodotus wrote 2,500 years ago, "the gift of the river."

The Nile has molded the country's character as well as its geography. Men needed organization to cope with the ebbs and floods of the fickle river; thus civilization emerged. They required some means of surveying their tiny plots of irrigated land; thus geometry became necessary. Protected in their green river valley by the desert's barriers, the ancient Egyptians constructed perdurable institutions, of which the pyramids remain as awesome symbols. With scarcely an interruption, pharaoh succeeded pharaoh and dynasty followed dynasty for nearly 3,000 years before Christ, a continuity of government unmatched by any other people. To appreciate the grandeur of that achievement, one needs to imagine the American republic surviving until the year 4776.

The Persians broke the pharaonic line, and for more than 2,000 years Egypt was little more than a province of foreign conquerors: Greeks, Romans, Arabs, Mamelukes, Turks, French and British, who renounced their final claims only 21 years ago, after the failure of the Suez invasion. Through the centuries, however, the Nile flowed on, and the Egyptian, that unique river creature, determined his life by the rise and fall of its waters rather than by the temporary whims of a foreign master.

For most Egyptians the Nile still rules, and a peasant from pharaonic days would find life little altered along much of the riverbank today: land is still divided into tiny plots, and the precious water is still raised from the river by having a cow or blindfolded water buffalo turn a primitive screw or a crude wooden lift balanced by a weight of mud. The ordinary meal of an Egyptian fellah still consists of *foul* beans; *moulekieh*, a soup made of the greens that grow among cotton plants, is a dish reserved for special days.

Both history and the river set the Egyptian apart from the desert Arabs, who are Semites. By contrast, a Hamitic strain prevails in the blood of Egypt's river people. Outsiders often have difficulty distinguishing a Syrian from a Jordanian, or either

from a Lebanese. But an Egyptian stands out. His Arabic accent is different, and his speech is peppered with odd words, some dating from the pharaohs, some borrowed from visiting—or conquering—Europeans. Although Egypt is a predominantly Muslim land with a large Coptic minority, its customs differ from those of its Islamic neighbors. In Saudi Arabia, for example, tombs are unmarked, and the dead are quickly forgotten. Cemeteries in Egypt not only have tombs but houses as well, so that the living can spend holidays with their family dead. The Semitic Arabs dote on flowery poetry and high-flown oratory. The Egyptian prefers a good joke; his humor is quick, satirical and biting, often directed against himself.

Other Arabs have grudgingly acknowledged Egypt's leadership. They send their sons to learn in Cairo, the great teaching center of the Middle East. Al Azhar, founded in the 10th century, is older than Oxford, Cambridge or the Sorbonne; Cairo University, with 95,000 students, is not only the biggest university in the Middle East but one of the largest in the world. Cairo's four universities, indeed, turn out more graduates than the impoverished Egyptian economy can absorb, and more than 1 million of them now work, often in key positions, in other Arab countries. The remittances they send home, amounting to \$500 million last year, help trim Egypt's huge balance of payments deficit.

Although Arab by definition, Egyptians are still Egyptian first—by emotion and inclination. Their history has made them proud, and they are galled to have to wait, like the beggars on their own streets, for handouts from desert oil sheiks or American capitalists. Sadat's peace initiative was hugely popular with his own people, who have grown increasingly resentful that they have fought Israel in four wars with blood while other Arabs

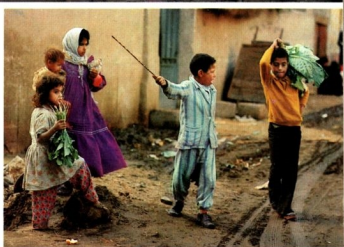
have fought only with words or money. "Given a choice between our feelings for Egypt and our feelings for the Arab world, Egypt will win every time," says a Cairo philosophy professor. "We do not belong to the Arabs. They belong to us."

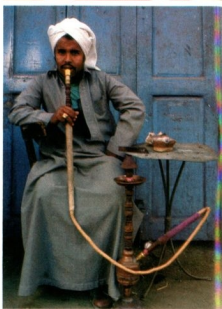
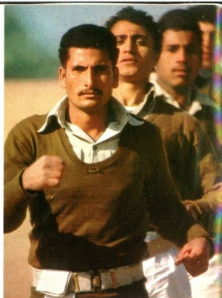
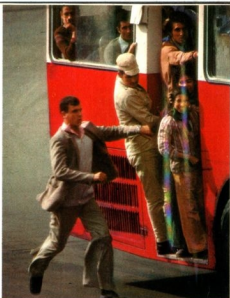
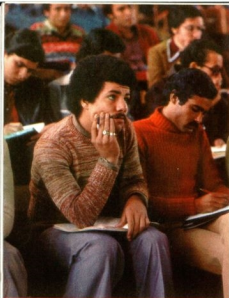
Brave words. In fact, Egypt's poverty makes it a ward of the rich Arabs. The Six-Day War of 1967 devastated the economy; among other blows, the closing of the Suez Canal cost Egypt an estimated \$2 billion in vital revenue. Capital investment was diverted to acquire military hardware; arms spending currently absorbs 28% of the Egyptian national budget. After be-



Satellite photo of Egypt with map details superimposed
A river that molded both geography and character.

Clockwise from top: downtown Cairo with Pyramids in background; children at play in suburb of Giza; wedding party at the Nile Hilton; men relaxing in Cairo café; devout Egyptians kneel for noon prayers





Man of the Year

coming President in 1970, Anwar Sadat began to dismantle Gamal Abdel Nasser's cumbersome socialist state and once again invited foreign investment. But the response has not even been as loud as a whisper. Last year, in order to pay off short-term debts, more capital flowed out of the country than into it. The balance of trade deficit is now equal to a fifth of the gross national product (\$13.7 billion a year). This is something close to an economic impossibility, and Egypt is technically bankrupt. It is kept alive only by massive handouts and loans from abroad, mostly from Saudi Arabia, Kuwait and the U.S.

The chief villain, besides war and the threat of war, is a runaway population. Although there are 2,500 birth-control clinics in Egypt, family planning programs in rural areas have been unsuccessful for reasons that are all too familiar in developing nations: lack of education, religious constraints and popular feelings that in large families children are a potential source of income. If the present annual population increase (2.3%) continues, demographers fear that Egypt will have between 60 million and 80 million people by the year 2000. Food production, which spurred after the completion of the Soviet-financed Aswan High Dam in 1971, has not kept pace with the numbers, and Egypt is forced to divert money from development to buy food from abroad. When the government cut food subsidies as an economy measure last January, Cairo's and Alexandria's poor rampaged through the streets in the worst riots since the nationalist upheavals of 1952. The subsidies were quickly restored.

Overpopulation has turned Cairo into a municipal disaster. More than 1,000 peasants move to the capital every day, and the city now swarms with 8 million people. In the worst slums, where the population density is nearly 250,000 per sq. mi., the squalor and degradation match Calcutta's. Vast numbers of displaced fellahin spend their lives in one room, sleeping on the floor, taking their water from a public faucet and using the street as a toilet. Many go through a whole lifetime without once taking a bath. Infants who play in garbage and excrement are themselves covered with flies, and they suffer from chronic dysentery, as well as lung diseases aggravated by dust and sand filtering into their homes. Despite free compulsory education, only about 25% of the population can read and write.

Although there are only about 216,000 cars registered in the city, they create monumental traffic jams as they try to negotiate the old, narrow streets or push aside carts pulled by horses or donkeys. The poor wait hours for buses, which are so crowded that passengers ride on the roofs and hang on the sides, clinging desperately to any vehicle that moves in the right direction.

There is a light-year's gap between the living standards of the masses and those of a growing middle class. A low-ranking civil servant in Egypt's swollen, slow-moving bureaucracy may earn no more than \$45 a month; an evening at currently fashionable Jackie's Disco in Cairo costs \$60 per person. Some of the affluent Egyptians who can afford a summer home in Alexandria are uncomfortable about the disparity between their country's two nations. Says one wealthy, Harvard-educated Cai-

rene: "I feel like a foreigner when I'm with the Egyptian lower class. When I meet my driver every day, I ask him about his family, and that is about all the conversation we can make together. We have nothing in common to talk about, nothing to share."

The Aswan High Dam, a building project almost as monumental as the Great Pyramids, was once looked upon as a panacea for most of Egypt's ills. True, it has doubled the country's electric power output and improved the productive capacity of 900,000 acres of land, guaranteeing water to farmers in upper Egypt. But the dam has made some old problems worse. The Nile's silt, which enriched the delta through the millennia, is now trapped behind Aswan's concrete; farmers must buy artificial fertilizer to do what nature in the past provided free. Because of the dam, the Nile waters flow more slowly now. More Egyptians than ever are infected with schistosomiasis, a debilitating disease caused by tiny worms in the river. In the delta, salt water pushing inland from the Mediterranean is gradually destroying some of Egypt's precious few acres of fertile land. In some areas the desert, because of present wind patterns, is moving toward the Nile Delta at the rate of eight miles per year.

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Bedouin walking with his camel in the Sinai Desert

But most of the Egypt on which man can live is a thin strip of green.

Despite these potential ecological hazards, Egypt, given a few decades of peace and stability, still has a chance to become a prosperous, viable nation. Two years ago, in a gesture signifying his interest in peace, Sadat reopened the Suez Canal, which had been blocked since 1967. It is once again one of the country's biggest money earners, bringing in \$500 million a year. Sadat also decreed a massive development scheme, largely financed by Saudi Arabia, Kuwait and the United Arab Emirates, to rebuild the cities along the canal, which were almost totally empty for eight years. The ambitious plan included new cities as well as tunnels to carry Nile water under the canal to the parched Sinai beyond.

Hundreds of test wells have been drilled in the desolate desert west of the Nile, and scientists have discovered what they think is a vast underground network of rivers and reservoirs, possibly with enough water to irrigate half a million acres for 700 years. Egyptian officials call this area "the New Valley" and predict that one day it may rival the Nile Valley itself. One hundred thousand people have already been resettled at the Kharga Oasis, at the southern end of this underground water supply.

More immediate is the promise of oil. Though its proven reserves primarily in western Sinai and offshore in the Gulf of Suez total only 3 billion bbl. (v. 110 billion bbl. for Saudi Arabia), Egypt already produces enough oil to fill its own needs and provide a sizable surplus. This year, the country is again an oil exporter, to the happy tune of \$311 million. Sadat predicts that the figure will jump to \$1.5 billion by 1980. In addition, Egypt has largely untapped deposits of phosphates and iron ore.

One thing Egypt can always rely on is its own glittering past. The pyramids and temples that awed adventurers from Caesar to Napoleon are irresistible still, magnets for tourist dollars, marks and yen that Egypt must have to help surmount its present problems. "Egypt is a dusty city and a green tree," said Amr ibn al As, the Arab general who conquered the country for Islam's warriors in the 7th century. "The Nile traces a line through the midst of it; blessed are its early-morning voyages and its travels at eventide."

Clockwise from top left: students at Cairo's Ain Shams University; passengers run for overcrowded bus; air recruits in training; Calene smoking a water pipe; freighters on Suez Canal; the Aswan High Dam; irrigating land with cow-drawn pump

Man of the Year

Actor with a Will of Iron

An intimate look at the villager who became a ruler

TIME Correspondent Robert Ajemian recently spent a day with Anwar Sadat. His portrait of the Egyptian President:

Anwar Sadat had just stepped out of the small elevator at the Barrages, the favorite of his ten presidential homes, to begin his working day. It was shortly after 11 o'clock and there was a strong fragrance of cologne on his shiny bronze face. He wore zippered black boots and a tailored suit, which gave him the look of a Mediterranean dandy, but his deep rugged voice spoke with authority. As usual, Sadat had slept late. He insists on at least eight hours of sleep, as well as a daily afternoon nap, which his wife Jihan thinks is too much. Sadat has a clock radio that he always sets himself; he falls asleep and wakes up to the all-music station in Cairo. He keeps a loaded pistol on the same table.

As he often is, the President was at the Barrages—which is north of Cairo, on the Nile—without his family. Although he seems hearty and outgoing in public, Sadat is a withdrawn, introverted man. He has few friends. His closest, wealthy Egyptian Contractor Osman Ahmed Osman, says he will sometimes be alone with Sadat for as long as two hours without speaking a single word. Says Sadat with satisfaction: "No one ever knows what I am thinking, not even my own family. I go alone." He says that the long months he spent in prison under British rule turned him into a meditative man; his family tells that even as a boy he used to climb onto the straw roof of their village home and stare for hours at the stars.

Sadat's breakfast, as usual, was a spoonful of honey. He watches his health carefully, and is something of a hypochondriac who often complains of feeling ill. Sadat perspires a lot, and because he is susceptible to colds, he forbids air conditioning wherever he stays. The perspiration embarrasses him slightly because the dampness on his brow and chin makes him look more tense than he really is. An alert aide is always close by to pass him a fresh white handkerchief to dab his face. Perhaps because he has had a minor heart attack, Sadat does not work too hard. He still recalls that his predecessor, Gamal Abdel Nasser, was signing letters until 3 o'clock in the morning the day he died of a heart attack. "Sadat doesn't have the stamina to be a dictator like Nasser," says an aide who has worked closely with both men.

After breakfast, Sadat went through two hours of interviews and meetings, including one with an emotional group of 150 Palestinian Arabs who had traveled from Gaza. He

made a ringing speech, saying that Egypt would never abandon them and the grateful Arabs swarmed around to embrace and kiss him. Afterwards Sadat left for his daily walk. In his blue and white sneakers, he strode along the Nile for one hour, a valuable time when he likes to think. Then he took his regular rubdown from a masseur who is also one of his bodyguards. Lunch was, as always, a bowl of soup. For nourishment during the day Sadat drinks liquids constantly: fruit juice, minted tea and a lightly carbonated European cola. A

devout Muslim, he never touches liquor or wine.

Sadat begins to tire noticeably, aides say, late in the afternoon. He has his one big meal of the day, in the American style, between six and seven o'clock; because of his tender stomach, it is normally a dish of simple, boiled food—this time macaroni imported from Italy and rice. Every evening without fail, Sadat schedules two movies, mostly American westerns; he watches them, usually alone, in his pajamas. He leads an ungainly life, really, but Sadat's comfortable residences and stylish clothes—as well as his glamorous wife—have drawn disapproving mutters from the public.

Sadat, the imaginative thinker, is a poor administrator who shuns details. Although he is tolerant of dissent, the President is impatient with staff work. "I don't want people to organize me," he says. He detests reading reports and prefers to have them delivered orally. Most letters from Jimmy Carter, for example, are read to him aloud by the U.S. Ambassador. Because there are so few able men around him, many of Sadat's own directives seem to melt away when they reach Egypt's swollen bureaucracy. The President keeps the important decisions secret; his ministers, and even his wife, usually hear about them the same time the public does. When Sadat finally does arrive at a decision,

it is usually irreversible. "He has a will of iron," says one military officer.

The introspective Sadat is at the same time a dramatist. He likes pomp. After his 1975 decision to reopen the Suez Canal, Sadat dressed up in a white admiral's uniform and rode down the canal for four hours on the deck of a destroyer. As a young man he wanted to be an actor, and for a brief period, he now relates somewhat uncomfortably, he did perform on the Cairo stage. He answered an ad in the newspaper for a theater job and sent in his photograph, declaring that he did both tragedy and comedy but preferred comedy. Even today he sings Egyptian pop songs around the house. In telling a story, he often



Sadat, in a contemplative mood, at his Nile home, the Barrages

"No one ever knows what I am thinking, not even my family."



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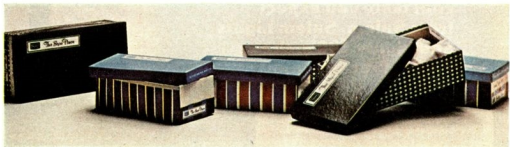


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VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN



adds extravagant whispers or growls. "He's still the actor," says a longtime colleague. "No one ever sees his real face."

Sadat's patience and sense of survival run directly back to his village roots. One of 13 children, he was born on Christmas Day 59 years ago in the little (then pop. 2,000) Nile settlement of Mit Abu el Kom. His father was a military hospital clerk who so much admired Kemal Atatürk, the founder of modern Turkey, that he named his sons after Turkish officers. His mother was an illiterate Sudanese. He grew up hating the colonial British. When the upper-class Military Academy was opened up in 1936 to all Egyptians—a decision that changed the future of the country—Sadat was one of 52 boys picked. So were Nasser and six other Egyptians who later banded together to overthrow King Farouk. During World War II, Sadat, still passionately anti-British, collaborated with the Germans. On one occasion he urged his fellow officers to blow up the British embassy; the cooler Nasser restrained him.

Sadat was imprisoned twice. At the Barrages, puffing on a pipe in his huge French chair, Sadat recalled his days in Cell 54 of Qurah Maydan Prison. He remembered books he had absorbed, like Lloyd Douglas's *The Magnificent Obsession* and Jack London's *The Sea Wolf*. All dealt with the victory of the spirit over adversity. Even in prison, Sadat was a loner who kept silent, remembers Moussa Sabry, one of four inmates who escaped with Sadat from an earlier jailing. They crawled through a hole in the roof of the camp's rabbit hutch. Says Sabry: "Somehow Sadat made us hold the secret from the hundreds of prisoners."

Released from prison in 1948 and cashiered out of the Egyptian army, Sadat took any job he could land: baggage porter, truck driver, used-tire dealer. By now he was divorced from his first wife and in 1949 he married Jihan Raouf, the beautiful, 15-year-old daughter of middle-class Anglo-Egyptian parents.

In 1952 Sadat, reinstated in the army and now a lieutenant colonel, joined in the Nasser-led coup that ousted Farouk; Sadat was chosen to announce the dramatic news to the nation. Nasser himself took power from General Mohammed Naguib two years later.

During Nasser's stormy 16-year reign, Sadat was never taken too seriously. He was judged to be unambitious and even weak, a man who seemed to care more about smart clothes, his home and car, than Cabinet meetings and political responsibility. Colleagues nicknamed him "Nasser's poodle," and even Nasser himself would refer to Sadat as a "black donkey." Characteristically, Sadat the survivalist concealed his feelings and watched and learned. "If you showed ambition with Nasser," he says now, "that was the end." Nearly all of the original Revolutionary Command Council were eventually ousted from office and in 1969 Nasser chose the unassuming Sadat as his Vice President. Sadat remembers the day well: it was the one time his acting skills failed him. "Anwar's eyes popped," Nasser told his top aide. A year later Nasser was dead.

In 1971, now Egypt's President, Sadat faced his first deadly

challenge: an attempted coup by Leftist Ali Sabry and a group of ministers who confronted Sadat with a list of demands. But Sadat has often outwitted his enemies by encouraging them to underestimate him. His poker face showed nothing, and his rivals left unaware of their danger. He swiftly jailed them.

That lightning move solidified Sadat's hold on the country and gave him the confidence to turn away from Nasser's sweeping pan-Arabism and to abandon his predecessor's repressive socialist state. Sadat later felt bold enough to tell colleagues that he felt Nasser had been a disaster for Egypt: the wars, the large Russian presence, the seizure of property, the elimination of the private sector, the concentration camps. In a public ceremony, with Sadat in attendance, the Interior Ministry's large collection of taped conversations was burned. The government began returning private property and Egypt adopted a permanent constitution guaranteeing the rule of law.

Sadat had always despised the Russians, partly because Egypt frequently had to grovel for its arms shipments and partly because of the stony way they treated him personally. "They are crude, tasteless people," Sadat says. In 1972 he decided to up-

braid them with a bit of theater. He put on his Commander in Chief's uniform, complete with medals and sashes, and summoned the chief Soviet adviser. "Who do you see sitting in front of you?" Sadat asked. When the Russian expressed bafflement, Sadat screamed at him: "I am Field Marshal Joseph Stalin, that's who! If those spare parts don't get here immediately, I am going to deal with you the way Stalin did." Shortly afterward, Sadat sent the Soviets to his own version of Siberia—back to Russia.

Earthy and gracious, Sadat finds the Europeans too cold and sophisticated, and much prefers Americans because of their egalitarian ways. "I like the way Americans put their feet up on the desk," he says. Sadat is a sensitive man who for years felt that Westerners disliked Arabs because of their dark skin. Says a member of the Egyptian Parliament: "Sadat has few fanatisms. He's not against Jews, or against women. Maybe it's because of his own dark skin."

With his people and his army behind him, Sadat today has concentrated more power in his hands than Nasser ever had. Yet the villager who became a ruler feels alone in power. The threat of death does not depress him, he says, even though he has become the No. 1 villain to Arab rejectionists. "Neither the Palestinians nor Gaddafi," he said, "can deprive me of one hour of my life, if God doesn't accept it." At the Barrages, Sadat recalled a book about Abraham Lincoln that he had read as a boy. "Lincoln was a villager, too," he said, "and he moved alone." Sadat became excited about the comparison as he talked about Lincoln's humble beginnings. His deep voice increased in strength as the actor rose to the part. "To this day," he said, "I still remember a movie I saw about Lincoln. The last scene showed him getting on the train alone to go to Washington. He put a black shawl over his shoulders—just the way our villagers do." He dropped his voice and said slowly, "It is simplicity, but it is glory." Sadat's journey to Jerusalem was simple too—and it held the promise of glory. ■



Egypt's President on daily walk with Friend Osman Ahmed Osman
A spoonful of honey for breakfast, and American movies.

Man of the Year

Reflections from Cell 54

The power of "inward success" and the politics of freedom

BY ANWAR SADAT

Anwar Sadat was born in a Nile Delta village and born again, as it were, in a prison cell. In his speeches and writings he has often contrasted the disorder of cities with the virtuous simplicity of life in hamlets, like his home village of Mit Abu el Kom. Curiously, Sadat has also described as "the happiest period of my life" eight of the 18 months in 1947-48 that he spent in Cell 54 of Qurah Maydan, awaiting trial for complicity in the political assassination of Amin Osman Pasha, a former minister in King Farouk's government. There Sadat developed a philosophy of life that, he today insists, guided him as a revolutionary and later as President of Egypt. In the following excerpts from his forthcoming autobiography, *In Search of Identity*, to be published in April by Harper & Row, Sadat describes his feeling for village life, and the almost mystic happenings in Cell 54.

"The treacle has arrived," announces the local crier in the alleys and squares of our village: my grandmother rushes outside, dragging me along beside her, toward the canal where a ship loaded with treacle has just arrived from the nearby Kafr Ziqan. The road is not long, but every step fills me with joy and pride: men stand up as we pass to greet Grandmother. Though illiterate, she is a haven for everybody; she solves their problems and cures their sick with old Arab concoctions of medical herbs unrivaled in our village or in any of the neighboring ones. We buy a big jar of treacle and return home. Behind her I trot along—a small dark boy, barefooted and wearing a long Arab dress over a white calico shirt—with eyes fixed on the jar of treacle, a treasure won at last.

Everything made me happy in Mit Abu el Kom, even cold water in the winter when we had to leave at dawn for the flush canal—a canal filled to overflowing for no more than two weeks, our "statutory" irrigation period, during which all land in the village had to be watered. We worked together on the land of one of us for a whole day then moved to another's.

That kind of collective work—with no profit, or any kind of individual reward, in prospect—made me feel that I belonged not merely in my immediate family at home, or even the big family of the village, but in something vaster and more significant: the land. It was that feeling that made me, on the way home at sunset, watch the evening scene with a rare warmth, recognizing an invisible bond of love and friendship with everything around me—smoke rolling down the valley, promising a delicious meal at the close of a village day, and perfect calm and peace in the hearts of all.

This big shady tree was made by God; He decreed it: it came into being. These fresh green plants whose seeds we had ourselves sown could never have been there if God had not decreed it. This land on which I walk; the running water in the canal; indeed, everything around me was made by an overseeing God—a vast, mighty Being that watches and takes care of all, including me. Trees, seeds and fruits are all, therefore, my fellows in existence; we all came out of the land and could never exist without it. And the land is firm and tough; all that belong to it must be equally tough.

The feeling that everything I did or saw in the village was new never left me throughout my childhood. Nothing was old,

not even those bedtime stories which my grandmother and my mother told me.

The ballad which affected me most was probably that of Zahran, the hero of Denshway. Denshway was only five kilometers away and the ballad dealt with a real incident. British soldiers were shooting pigeons in Denshway, the ballad goes, when a stray bullet caused a wheat silo to catch fire. Farmers gathered and a British soldier fired at them and ran away; they ran after him and in the ensuing scuffle the British soldier died. Many people were arrested. Scaffolds were erected before sentences were passed; a number of farmers were whipped, others hanged. Zahran was the hero of the battle against the British and was the first to be hanged. The ballad dwells on Zahran's courage and doggedness in the battle, how he walked with head held high to the scaffold.

I listened to the ballad night after night. My imagination roamed free: I often saw Zahran and lived his heroism in dream and reverie: I wished I were Zahran.

This was not all I came to learn in Mit Abu el Kom. I learned something that has remained with me all my life: wherever I go, wherever I happen to be, I shall always know where in fact I am. I can never lose my way because I know that I have living roots in the soil of my village.

Two places in this world make it impossible for a man to escape from himself: a battlefield and a prison cell. In Cell 54 I could only be my own companion, day and night, and it was only natural that I should come to know that "Self" of mine. I had never had such a chance before, preoccupied as I had been with work (in the army) and politics, and hurried along by the constant stream of daily life.

Now in the complete solitude of Cell 54, when I had no links at all with the outside world—not even newspapers or a wireless—the only way in which I could break my loneliness was, paradoxically, to seek the companionship of that inner entity I call "Self." It was not easy. There were areas of suffering which kept that "Self" in the dark, shadows which troubled my mind and accentuated the difficulty of self-confrontation.

Nothing is more important than self-knowledge. Once I had come to know what I wanted, and got rid of what I didn't, I was reconciled to myself and learned to live in peace. To return to my village became a lovely dream, and work in any field simply charming. The future—both foreseeable and unforeseeable—was a joy to contemplate.

When we were allowed to read books, magazines and newspapers, I voraciously read, finding in every word a novelty—something which opened new horizons before my eyes. It was thanks to an article contributed by an American psychologist to the *Reader's Digest* that I succeeded in getting over my troubles. The gist of that article was that a shock may occur, at any stage in a man's life, which might make him feel that all avenues in front of him are blocked, that life itself is a prison cell with a perpetually locked door.

There is more than one key to this door. First, a man should clearly recognize the source of his trouble; secondly, he must have faith. Faith means that a man should regard any disaster simply as a fate-determined blow which should be endured. From this follows a deliberate effort to fight away its consequences. No problem should ever be regarded as insuperable.



There are always solutions to everything. What makes us think in this way is our belief that God created men to play the roles assigned to them. The God who has created us cannot be evil in any sense. He is good and beneficent (contrary to God's image that a Sheikh in our village Quranic teaching school had drawn up—a mighty and frightening Being).

Ideally the relationship between man and God should be based not on fear (or punishment and reward) but on a much loftier value (the highest)—friendship. The Creator is merciful, just and loving. He is all-powerful because he created everything. If you have him for a friend, you will always have peace of mind under whichever circumstances.

The analysis contributed by that psychologist opened infinite horizons of love before me: my relations with the entire universe began to be reshaped and love became the fountainhead of all my actions and feelings. Armed with faith and perfect peace of mind, I have never been shaken by the turbulent events, both private and public, through which I have lived.

In fact, I cannot bring myself to hate anybody, as I am by nature committed to love. This became quite clear to me through suffering and pain, in Cell 54. Suffering crystallizes a soul's intrinsic strength; for it is through suffering that a man of mettle can come into his own, and fathom his own depths. It was through suffering that I discovered how I was by nature inclined to do good, that love was the real motive behind my actions. Without love I really could not work at all. Love provided me with faith, full confidence in myself and in everything around me. My love for the universe is derived from my love for God. The Creator being my friend, I couldn't possibly be afraid of men... it is he who controls their life and the entire universe.

Through that feeling which came to be an indivisible part of my very being (and which, though unconsciously, remained with me all my life) I was able to transcend the confines of time and place. Spatially, I did not live in a four-walled cell but in the entire universe. Time ceased to exist once my heart was taken over by the love of the Lord of all Creation: I came to feel very close to him wherever I was.

One of the things Cell 54 taught me was the value of inward success, which alone maintains inward equilibrium and helps a man to be true to himself. I do not care for socially recognizable success: I only value that success which I can feel within me, which satisfies me, and which basically stems from self-knowledge. A true believer should, if he has to call anybody to book, start with himself. What should matter to him is not material gain but his recognition of his own self-image and the extent to which his actions reflect it. Inward success is a source of permanent and absolute power, independent of external factors; outward success fluctuates in response to changing circumstances.

Most people are fascinated by outward success—their social position, financial gain, power, or, in a word, their image in the eyes of others. If their outward image is, for any reason, shaken, they are inevitably shaken and may even collapse. They lack fortitude because they are neither true to themselves nor honest with others. To them the end always justifies the means. However, I have been brought up to believe that how I saw myself was more important than how others saw me.

I do not hold the presidency to be of greater value than Anwar Sadat. To me Anwar Sadat is always Anwar Sadat, whatever the circumstances—a man who has no personal demands, and, if you wish for nothing, you will need nobody!

There can be no doubt that man's value is absolute. If it were relative it would change from one person to another, from one society to the next, and from time to time. Furthermore, if it were relative, a man's value would depend on his material "weight" or worth and could vary according as people find him useful or otherwise. The same man may be

viewed differently by different people and so end up without a human (absolute) entity, losing his very "self."

This is the case with all fascist communities—Nazi or Communist—where man's value is always determined by social needs. People may be reduced to serfs or elevated to demigods; man may be turned into an automaton, obeying orders and doing his work without thinking. A man's humanity is inevitably lost as he ceases to be an individual worthy of the Responsibility and the vocation entrusted to him by God. The holy torch which he was created to bear and to use in lighting the way both for his fellow men and for posterity is extinguished.

Most people today live in power-based communities, and the world has lost the lofty ideals which man has established

down the centuries. Mankind has, I believe, no way out of its current predicament except the restoration of these ideals and vindicating them in all walks of life. This is why I tirelessly advocate the adoption of the values of the Egyptian village.

My friendship with God changed me a great deal. Only in defense of a just cause would I take up arms, so to speak. For now I felt I had stepped into a vaster and more beautiful world and my capacity for endurance redoubled. I felt I could stand the pressure whatever the magnitude of a given problem. My paramount object was to make people happy. To see a smile, to feel that another man's heart beat for joy was to me a source of immeasurable happiness. I identified with people's joys.

Some people have asked me to define politics. I have always found it puzzling and could not provide a precise definition. All I know is that I have been brought up to nurture certain values from childhood to maturity, even to this day when I am President of Egypt, and have been moved by the paramount desire to save Egypt from its besetting troubles and help it advance toward perfection and beauty.

Some define politics as the art of the possible, which I find unsatisfactory. Indeed, if the October War is anything to go by, politics may be defined, rather, as the art of the impossible! Which is the correct definition?

The truth is always the basis of my relations with people. This is, perhaps, what has surprised many people. Indeed, they have wondered how a politician could say behind closed doors the same things he would declare in front of a microphone, how he could refrain from the exploitation of a given situation in gaining easy popularity and demagogic applause.

I am of the opinion that politics is the art of building up a society wherein the will of God is enacted. Our Creator has decreed we should engage in constructive work consistently. In such a society as that, each individual should enjoy absolute freedom, subject to no other restrictions than those implicit in the genuine human values of the society itself—values which are the fruit of its indigenous culture and which are therefore acceptable to all. Freedom is the most beautiful, holy and precious fruit of our culture; an individual should never be made to feel that he is at the mercy of any force of coercion or that his will is subordinated to those of others.

Freedom is the mainstay of a society based on Truth, benevolence and beauty. Here hearts are animated with love, faith and inner light. Constructive work would be done and principles vindicated—faith, dignity, peace and glory.

For such a society to be built, leaders should not shirk their human Responsibility—the Responsibility dictated by their human consciousness and human belonging. They should be impelled in all their actions by distinctively human "power" rather than acting in response to personal dreams of glory or ephemeral and spurious power, such as obsess dictators' minds and turn their heads. Indeed, it would be impossible for any community under such leaders even to aspire to the ideals of truth, benevolence and beauty: human dignity would be shattered and man would be turned into a "thing," insignificant and almost inanimate, deprived of his absolute power as human being. ■



Man of the Year

Anatomy of a "Bold Action"

In a TIME interview, Sadat tells how and why he decided to visit Israel

In Cairo last February, President Sadat told TIME Chief of Correspondents Murray Gert and Cairo Bureau Chief Wilton Wynn that he would not meet with any Israeli leader "as long as there is an Israeli soldier on my land." Reminded of his words in another interview with Gert and Wynn just before Christmas, Sadat was asked to explain why he had changed his mind. He replied at length, and then went on to discuss other major Middle East issues:

First of all, really, I try always to adapt myself to whatever occurs and seize the opportunity at any moment to fulfill the cause of my people. When I met with President Carter last April, I remember we started discussing the nature of peace. We spent more than one and a half hours trying to reach some sort of understanding and agreement on this. As far as meeting with the Israelis, I told him, "Let me tell you quite openly and candidly and friendly, I can't do this."

"I started seriously thinking of a bold action. We have our differences with the Israelis, but the most unfortunate thing was the differences among ourselves in the Arab world."



When Kissinger visited with me in November 1973, we started with six points that led to the first disengagement agreement, and then to the second disengagement agreement. [It created] the momentum for the peace process to continue that has formed everything. Because Egypt and the U.S. started this peace process immediately after the October War—this made the Soviets furious until this moment. The second disengagement agreement was the last one in the step-by-step policy. We agreed we should get to the substance and to the establishment of peace in the area immediately after the U.S. elections. So after Carter was elected, he started, really, to join with me in beginning a new momentum for the peace process, because the old momentum had stopped.

I visited the United States. Carter met with all the Arab leaders. He met also with [Yitzhak] Rabin, and after that with [Menachem] Begin, and we were about to start the second phase: the establishment of peace in the area that would include all the parties concerned. In my visit to Carter last April, I told him that if we are not going to make good preparations for Geneva, there will be a setback. I proposed a working group under [Secretary of State Cyrus] Vance to contact all the parties concerned so that we could start at Geneva discussing the substance, not the procedural arrangements. But it was rejected by the Syrians. This is their habit. Whatever Egypt proposes, they reject at once, even without discussing it. The peace process started to slacken.

At the U.N. General Assembly session in September, Carter met with all the Arab Foreign Ministers and the Israeli Foreign Minister to start giving momentum again to the peace process. Well, I suddenly found all the parties concerned—Egypt, Jordan, Syria, Israel—starting to quarrel and differ on the procedural papers. Syria said that if this is an American paper, it is a colonial and imperialist paper. If it is an American-Israeli paper, well, it

is colonial, Zionist, imperialist—all these descriptions. I felt also, when President Assad sent a special envoy to me, that Syria was not serious at all about going to Geneva. The Soviet Union was starting its own tricks with the Syrians and with the Palestinians.

Well, in this dilemma, how were we to start the peace process? I considered this one of the turning points in the history of this area. I received a personal letter from Carter in his handwriting in September. It was delivered by a special envoy in Cairo. I read the letter. I wrote the answer in my own handwriting. In my answer—for the first time I am revealing this—I said the whole situation needs some bold action.

I started thinking seriously of a bold action. We have our differences with the Israelis, but the most unfortunate thing was the differences among ourselves in the Arab world on procedures. So I wanted first to make sure of one thing. Does Begin really intend to establish peace or not? Is Israel genuine in its demand for peace talks? I started my journey to Rumania. I had a very long talk with [President Nicolae] Ceausescu—tête-à-tête. He is a real friend, and he is also a real friend of the Israelis. I asked, is Begin genuine in his will for peace? He said yes, and he gave me a summary of his talks with Begin—shortly before my visit—to prove that the man is for peace. The second question that I wanted to know was this: Is Begin strong enough or not, because I can't deal with a weak government or a weak leader, like Rabin? We had a talk before that, Ceausescu and I, about Rabin, and both of us reached the consensus that he was weak. I like to deal with a strong government and a strong man. In this respect I have to mention that I would have preferred to deal with the old lady [Golda Meir]. She has guts! Really! Well, Ceausescu told me what he discussed with Begin, and we reached the conclusion that the man is strong.

I left Rumania to visit Iran. I started forming my first impression of the bold action that I wrote about in the letter to Carter. My first initiative was this. Why not ask the five big powers in the Security Council to come to Jerusalem with the other parties concerned—Syria, Jordan, the Palestinians, Lebanon—and give every guarantee and assurance to Israel? Here would be the five big powers, with the veto and everything—richness, power, everything. Because they are heads of state, I can't tell them to sit in Jerusalem and discuss the whole problem. This would not be practical. All I aimed at is that they try to give the Israelis assurance of what will come out of this peace process, and in 24 hours, not more, agree on a paper with the principles that would allow Geneva to start.

After long thinking, I reached the conclusion this will not solve the problem of the psychological barrier between us and Israel, because I'm inviting the five big powers as if I am going to hide behind them. And the Israelis have no confidence in Brezhnev if he comes. [China's Chairman] Hua Kuo-feng supports the

"Well, I said, very well! Why shouldn't I go there myself and face them in the Knesset? This was the start of the whole thing. I made my initiative."



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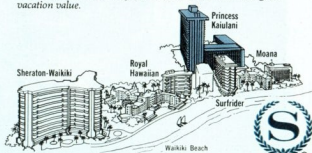
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Arab cause, and the Israelis will not be happy with him. At that same time I was thinking of praying [during Greater Bairam, the Feast of Sacrifice] in Al Aqsa mosque in Jerusalem. This is one of the three holiest places in the Muslim world. So I made my decision. I said, very well, this year instead of saying the Bairam prayers in Sinai, I shall pray in Al Aqsa.

After I returned from my trip, there was only a week or ten days, something like that, between my decision to ask the five big powers and my decision to say the Bairam prayers in Jerusalem. I didn't tell anyone. Not Ceausescu, nor the Shah, nor King Khalid of Saudi Arabia. No, I didn't tell anyone. It would shock them like it has already shocked them.

The time factor, I found, was not in my favor, because I could not ask the heads of state in a week to come to Jerusalem. I did not know what the Israelis' attitude would be toward this, and if, for any reason, one of the five powers declined the invitation, it might appear that they were rejecting the whole initiative. This will not bring down the barrier of distrust that is between us.

Well, I said, very well! Why shouldn't I go there myself and face them in the Knesset? This was the start of the whole thing. I made my initiative. I gave my speech, opening the new session of my parliament. I said that I am ready to go to the end of the world. Before I made that speech in the parliament, I discussed it only with my Foreign Minister, Ismail Fahmy, who later resigned. He was not with the Knesset initiative at all. I was asked, are you serious? I said yes! If any proper invitation reached me, I am ready to go and face them in the Knesset itself. I never thought that it would have such repercussions all over the world.

"I can't deal with a weak government or a weak leader. I like to deal with a strong government and a strong man."



and among my people also. In principle, though, I knew my people would agree to this.

After I made my speech in the Knesset, I thought that the Israelis would not be happy, because I have made everything quite clear and candid. On the contrary, I was astounded, really, by the Israeli people—children, women, everyone hailing, really hailing me. I am really startled till this moment that the barrier of distrust, bitterness, hatred and so on that has been between us during the last 30 years has been broken down in 35 hours. Amazing! Really!

When I returned home, I was astounded. The Vice President was with me in the car. I told him something has happened to my people here. It has never been like that since the start of our revolution. Even in the peak of victories, even when we nationalized the Suez Canal, it was never like this.

Believe me. We are in an era of wonders. While I was in Jerusalem, I was asked, are you going to invite Begin to Egypt? I said, yes, Begin has the full right to come and address our parliament. But for certain reasons that Begin knows—we have discussed this between us—I couldn't invite him. I told him, how am I going to receive you in Egypt while your soldiers are still in Sinai? I couldn't convince my people, I told him, so let us drop this. And he was very understanding. He said yes. We agreed that this will be decided in the future. Well, when I returned to Cairo and saw the reaction of my people, it was astounding. Lots of facts which were valid a few days before, they are not valid now. So, when I was asked about the visit of Mr. Begin here, I said, "Yes, I shall be receiving him." They said, "In a third country?" I said, "What? We shall receive him in Egypt here after he returns back from the States." So the act itself—its boldness—has changed everything. Everything! Not only since February but

"Because Egypt and the U.S. started this peace process after the October War—this made the Soviets furious until this moment."



since my visit to Jerusalem, lots of facts have been changing. This is the wonder of the whole thing. Really! Really!

When you stood in the Knesset and looked down, what did you feel?

From the moment I arrived in Ben Gurion Airport until I ended my visit and returned here, it was like a dream. You can't imagine how elated and relaxed I felt after I gave my speech. I felt really elated because I had come in a genuine spirit of candidness. I put everything before them to decide, and whatever happens after that, they will be guilty, not me again.

What is the next step?

As I have discussed with President Carter, we must give the Cairo conference more momentum. Begin will be visiting me, and, I think, immediately after this move the Cairo talks should be raised to the Foreign Minister level.

Is your goal peace throughout the area, or peace between Israel and Egypt?

The barking of the Soviet Union and the rejection camp is based on the fact that I am going for a separate peace agreement. No! For sure, the Israelis are interested in a separate peace agreement. While I was in Jerusalem, even [Ezer] Weizman, the Defense Minister, told me, "What about prolonging your visit another 24 hours so we can sign an agreement between us?" I told him, "This is not the peace that I am after. If we are not going to solve the Palestinian question and have a comprehensive settlement, we can never establish peace, and I am for peace this time. I am not for another disengagement agreement or a separate peace agreement with you at all. It must be a comprehensive settlement."

Couldn't a separate peace agreement be forced upon you if the Syrians and the P.L.O. and the others absolutely refuse to go along?

Not at all. No one can force anything upon me, not even the Soviet Union.

How do you see the peace process evolving in the Middle East?

The most important item is security for the Israelis and for us—both of us—security agreed upon between Israel and all its

"I am really startled till this moment that the barrier of distrust that has been between us during the last 30 years has been broken down in 35 hours. Amazing! Really!"



Man of the Year

"If we are not going to solve the Palestinian question, and have a comprehensive settlement, we can never establish peace, and I am for peace this time."



neighbors in the Arab world, with all the guarantees needed so that we can have a peaceful era. I should like to see the area living in peace and the end of belligerency in one of the most dangerous areas in the whole world.

What do the Arabs have to offer the Israelis in a peaceful future? What do the Israelis have to offer the Arabs?

What will happen will depend upon both attitudes from one toward the other. Peace contradicts occupying others' land by force and contradicts also expansion. So, really, Israelis are not giving concessions at all. I don't consider the withdrawal from the lands occupied in 1967 a concession from Israel. This is an act that was condemned by the whole world in Resolution 242 of the Security Council. But we shall be giving the concessions, accepting Israel among us as one of the states in the area and living and coexisting in the area.

Do you see exchanges of trade and cultural relations?

Believe me, Begin here in Egypt could have been described as one of the wonders of the world. What will happen in the future, I don't know, but I think I have paved the way toward a civilized dealing between us. What will come after that will depend upon both parties. This approach that we have started is very promising for the future, especially when we agree upon the fact that the October War will be the last war.

Can you foresee disarmament in this area?

This is what I shall be after immediately after we sign the peace agreement.

How much impact do you think peace will have on the economy of Egypt?

Enormous! Enormous! Do you know that there are two big powers in the world now that have standing armies of 700,000? The U.S. and the Soviet Union. And Anwar Sadat also has 700,000! Can you imagine? For sure, the impact on our economy, on our reconstruction, on our rebuilding will be tremendous. Tremendous. But don't misunderstand me. It was not because of this that I went to Jerusalem.

"Carter is playing the game evenhanded with everyone, really. I have dealt with three presidents, Nixon, Ford and this Carter. I can say that everything is improving."



I am not trying to seek peace at any price. Not at all.

Will Syria or the P.L.O. join you in your peace initiative?

Well, it would be very difficult for the Syrians, because Hafez Assad has isolated himself by going to Tripoli and signing such decisions as he has signed. You know, Syria always wants Egypt to do the dirty work for them, and they come after that and agree on whatever they have rejected before. The Palestinians are under the pressure of Syria and the Soviet Union. So at some time they will come. But when, I don't know. But this time I am going to treat them according to their size. Whenever I reach the principal points in a comprehensive settlement, I shall submit it to an Arab summit of the Kings and heads of state. Then, after that, Syria will have to go to Israel, Geneva or anywhere to negotiate its part of this settlement. The Palestinians will also have to do the same thing. Everyone has to take his full responsibility. Before, I used to take the whole responsibility for them. This time, no.

What do you foresee for the Palestinians?

I would like to see tomorrow the withdrawal of the Israeli forces from the West Bank and Gaza. Autonomy doesn't solve the problem. The Palestinians should have a homeland, should have the right of self-determination, should have their state.

"The most important item is security for the Israelis and for us—both of us—security agreed upon between Israel and all its neighbors in the Arab world."



My main effort will be directed toward the evacuation of the West Bank and Gaza. The details—I have something in my mind. The Palestinians and other Arab leaders should have their say also, but I shall always be concerned, mainly, with the evacuation of Israeli forces to end the suffering of the Palestinian people.

Do you have any differences on this point with King Hussein?

No. We are agreed upon the main issues.

What do you foresee as the future role of America in this area?

What Carter is doing now—this man is trying to give the true image of America: gallantry, human rights, morality, honesty. The man is honest. Vance is honest. Carter is playing the game evenhanded with everyone, really. And that is what we anticipate from the U.S. When Nixon came here, millions hailed him because they wanted to tell you, in America, that we are, we want to be friends, and very dear friends. I have dealt with three Presidents—Nixon, Ford and this Carter. I can say that everything is improving.

You can have with Israel the special relations, whatever you like. But at the same time, you have other friends in the area. And your interests—99%—are with the Arabs, not with Israel. I'm happy because Carter has really recognized this fact, and he's playing the game evenhanded, in spite of the fact that there are special relations between you and Israel. I think Carter will leave his fingerprints on history as a true American who shows the true image of the U.S. in a new era, and that can remedy what has happened in the past.

Four Crises: A Wife's View

Jihan Sadat, 43, is Westernized in her dress and in her outlook on social problems. The presidential consort, however, stays out of politics completely and was kept in the dark by her husband during the four major crises of his career: the 1952 revolution that overthrew King Farouk, an attempted coup by ambitious leftists in 1971, the October War of 1973, and his journey to Jerusalem in November. Last month, in an interview with TIME Cairo Bureau Chief Wilton Wynn, she recalled in revealing fashion these pivotal moments.

1952 Revolution. At the time, my husband was in Rafah, in the Sinai, on military duty. On July 23 he came home unexpectedly. I knew he didn't have a leave coming, and I asked him why he was in Cairo. He told me he wanted to give me a holiday, and took me to the cinema. When we returned home, the porter handed me a card that had been left by Colonel Nasser. It said 'Our project is on for tonight.' My husband said nothing, but he immediately put on his uniform. I knew that something big and dangerous was about to happen and I warned him 'If you go to prison again [he had left prison only four years before] I will not visit you.' I was joking, but even so it surprised him. How ashamed I was the next day for saying it!

Early the next morning, around 6 a.m., he telephoned me. I scolded him. I said 'You wanted to give me a holiday, and instead you have left me and stayed out all night.' 'Just wait,' he said. 'Turn on the radio and listen.' About one hour later I heard his voice announcing the success of the revolution against King Farouk. I didn't see him again till three days later. He was still wearing the same uniform. He had not been out of it since that first night.

The 1971 Attempted Coup. Several members of parliament came to me and said I must warn my husband of a plot against him. I told him, but he left me infuriated by his calm. I asked him 'Who is with you? Not the Minister of Defense, not the Minister of the Interior, not the Minister of Information. None is with you.' He only said 'Don't worry. God is with us.' He is so calm, he makes me furious. It doesn't mean that he doesn't trust me, only that he doesn't want to worry me. A little while after that we got hold of a tape recording of a conversation by the plotters. My husband was planning to go to Alexandria next day, and we heard on the tape that they were thinking of assassinating him on his way there. But he canceled his trip and went to Cairo instead.

We didn't sleep that night, the night before the climax of the whole thing. My husband always sleeps with a pistol beside his bed. It is his habit. That night I wanted to lock the bedroom door, and told him 'This way, if they come, you will be ready with your pistol.' A general who was our friend called to ask if my husband had ordered military trucks to move toward our house. The trucks were moving, and we thought they were against us. (We later learned they were sent to protect us.) I went upstairs to my oldest daughter, Lubna, and suggested she sleep that night in the house of my sister. She was only 17, but she said 'If they blow up the house, do you think we would be happy living without our father and mother?' She took her book and went upstairs to bed. My son Gamal was only 15, but he got his small bird gun and insisted on being bodyguard. 'I want to protect my father,' he said. The next day, my husband arrested all the plotters.

The October War. My husband had been having many meetings with military people. I suspected that war was near. From their conversations I calculated the date and almost the time. But I didn't have the right to ask my husband. He might not answer, or he might tell me it's not my business.

On the night before, I was so sure that war was going to break out that I asked him if I should keep the children home from school the next day. He said 'No, send them along, like all the others.' I said that at least I would keep

our car in front of the school, just in case. He agreed, but advised me not to bother till noon. I knew then that the war would break out around midday.

The day before, we had been walking in the garden. Even though he hadn't told me of what was coming, I tried to encourage him. I said 'We are going to win. Even if you don't win, people will respect you because you will have done your duty.' He answered 'I know I am doing my duty. I know I will win.' As a wife, I wanted to encourage him, but he didn't need it.

The Jerusalem Trip. He didn't mention it to me before. Some time earlier a Jewish woman in Israel had sent me a letter asking for the body of her son, a frogman killed during the October War. I answered to tell her that we had been unable to locate the body. My husband scolded me for contacting Israelis. He said it was too early.

Then he surprised us all with the announcement of his trip to Jerusalem. The night he mentioned it in his speech to the Egyptian parliament, I was out to dinner. When I came home, my daughter Jihan said 'Daddy is going to Jerusalem!' When he came home I asked him if he really had said it. He said yes. I asked him if he meant it, and he answered 'Yes, I meant it.' I told him 'It's the best way to peace.' I asked him 'Do you think the Israelis will send you an invitation?' He said 'I think so.'

It was the best thing he ever had said in his life, and I knew he would go safe and return safe.



Jihan Sadat speaking on the telephone in her Cairo office

Kept in the dark during a revolution, a coup, a war and a mission.

Man of the Year

They Are Fated to Succeed

"The absence of alternatives clears the mind marvelously"

BY HENRY KISSINGER

On a bare hill at Giza, some three miles from downtown Cairo, stands a simple rest house occasionally used by President Sadat. Its principal feature is a wide veranda that overlooks the Pyramids. The light and shadows constantly change the shape of these massive triangles leaning against each other. These are structures at once simple and monumental; they have endured the elements and man's depredations for as close to eternity as man can reach by his own efforts. In no other place in the world is man forced into humility so exclusively by one of his own accomplishments. In this sea of sand split by the green valley of the Nile stretching a man's vision in a thin straight line for hundreds of miles, there is no natural monument to dwarf him. The most breathtaking landmarks are all man-made, defying time and human fallibility. The Egyptian has reared tremendous edifices to remind him of both the finiteness of the human scale and the reach of human aspirations through recorded history.

One wonders whether Anwar Sadat sat on that veranda as he first began to contemplate his journey to Jerusalem—a move at once simple and awesome like the Pyramids themselves. We do know that not far from this resthouse Israeli and Egyptian negotiators have been meeting now for two weeks in an old hotel. It is in keeping with the spirit of a region where mirage and reality blend that the negotiators are at a bureaucratic level, which guarantees that no significant progress could be made until Premier Begin and President Sadat had met in Ismailia. But the mere presence of Israeli diplomats in Cairo has lent itself to the symbolic manifestations of public feeling so dear to the Arab heart; the massive demonstrations are significant whether they are spontaneous or government-sponsored. Two great peoples have met again as equals. Through the millennia both have suffered and endured; both have been obsessed with permanence, the Egyptians in architecture and the Jews in moral law. Both have now embarked on the quest for that most elusive of all permanencies: a lasting peace.

And these two eternity-obsessed nations are likely to realize their dreams. The very audacity of Sadat's act, like the artificial mountains which are the Pyramids, dwarfs the small calculations of the recent past. Ups and downs are inevitable in the process; there will be complicated negotiations, but the parties have fated themselves to success.

One need only recall the situation of two months ago: then all was preparation for a Geneva conference. But that con-

ference was distrusted by Egypt and Israel alike. Major procedural problems were unresolved: the scope of the plenary and the working groups, the nature of Palestinian participation, the precise role of the Soviet Union. The procedural deadlock would in all likelihood have been followed by a substantive stalemate as the irreconcilability of the opposing publicly stated positions became apparent. All the most intractable issues were thrown together.

The danger was real that in the very process of organizing the conference the most radical elements would achieve a veto, since no progress could take place without them. In turn, the Soviet Union would be able to exercise a veto over any plausible

moderate solution. All the while, Israel, maddened by isolation and the fear of an imposed peace, would withdraw into sullen intransigence. Progress at Geneva would have depended on American pressure on Israel to a degree probably incompatible with U.S. domestic political realities. We ran the risk of being caught between the parties: accused by the Arab side of insufficient exertions and by Israel of excessive pressures. The Soviet Union would have gained an increasing voice as the frustration of all parties came to focus on us. Egypt—the most eager for peace of the Arab countries, yet treated as just one of a number of participants—was threatened with being reduced to passivity, with losing control over its destiny in a welter of unmanageable and unpredictable claims.

Considerations such as these must have been in President Sadat's mind when he decided to cut through the Geneva minutiae that was getting as complicated as it was irrelevant, and go to the heart of the problem—the psychological gulf that had separated Israelis and Arabs since the creation of the Jewish state.

In a recurring irony of history, the Jewish people, persecuted and ostracized for centuries, found itself again condemned to a ghetto existence of international isolation at the very moment when it had built its own state. The Arabs, their pride stung by the creation of Israel and convinced from the beginning that Israel was occupying their national territories, had refused to accept the very existence of the Jewish state. This created a vicious circle: Israel saw security in purely geographic concessions as the price of a legitimacy that diplomacy turned into legal formulas so esoteric as to be almost meaningless. Intermediaries could help to a certain point. They could lay a foundation. But no nation or leader will ever be totally certain wheth-



Sadat embraces shuttle diplomat Kissinger at a meeting near Alexandria

er an intermediary's account of the views of the opposing side reflects reality, gullibility, or his own preference. The mere fact that an intermediary was necessary, that direct talks were rejected, reflected and fueled the prevailing distrust.

By going to Jerusalem, President Sadat cut through the mind-set of a generation. He allowed the people of Israel to judge for themselves his commitment to peace; he could see for his part the trauma of a people that had never known a day without war in its national existence. Sadat was right that the heart of the problem was psychological. By grasping the essence of the issue, Sadat has done more to resolve it than all the wars and negotiations of the last three decades. Matters in the Middle East now can be reduced to a few fundamentals:

There is no alternative to the Sadat-Begin negotiations. Geneva as a negotiating forum is dead. This is just as well. It could only have led to a deadlock or to an imposed settlement, and in either case to an enlarged Soviet influence. Were Sadat and Begin somehow to fail to find solutions, lower-level diplomats meeting around a conference table in Switzerland later could scarcely be expected to succeed. In short, failure now would make conflict later inevitable. Israel would return to its ghetto existence; Egypt would face a war its people dread.

The absence of alternatives clears the mind marvelously. Major progress is therefore likely. Geneva could be useful later in ratifying what has been negotiated and to provide a forum for other parties to join the negotiating process.

An Egyptian-Israeli agreement is not inimical to an overall settlement but the condition for it. The choice has never been between an overall and a partial settlement, but between a partial settlement as a first step and no settlement at all. A step toward peace is better than the continuation of conflict, all the more so since both President Sadat and Premier Begin have committed themselves to an overall settlement.

An Egyptian-Israeli agreement should involve principles applicable to the other parties. Sadat and Begin are too wise not to base progress between Egypt and Israel on principles that have wider application. They know from history that to be lasting a peace must in time reach out to all principal parties and that those parties will support it only if they participate in making it. The day will come when Arab leaders who now denounce the Sadat initiative will be grateful that the largest of Arab nations took on its own shoulders the burden of the first and most difficult decision for peace. By solving the psychological problem, Egypt has now made it possible to overcome the other obstacles to peace everywhere in the Middle East. This is why coupling the Egyptian negotiations with the Palestinian issue is important both substantively and symbolically. At the same time, on this issue where distrust and hatred have gone so deep, it may be best to set a general course and leave details for later negotiations.

Having had the privilege of working closely with the President of Syria, I am convinced that he will not turn his back on a genuine peace. In the context of Syria's turbulent history and its internal pressures, in the light of its perception of itself as the embodiment of true Arab nationalism, President Assad has sought to keep open the option of negotiation. This attitude should be nurtured.

The current negotiations will be a test of Soviet policy. If the Soviet Union genuinely favors a relaxation of tensions throughout the world, it will in the Middle East allow the processes toward peace to occur and not press for formal participation in negotiations which are already under way and to which it can make no contribution. The Soviet Union has nothing to lose from a peaceful solution; indeed, a normalized Middle East should enable all countries to pursue their global policies on the basis of equality. If the Soviet Union encourages intransigence, the motive must be either hurt vanity or an attempt to foster tensions and to improve the opportunities for Soviet penetration. There is no reason to assuage the former, and it is in the interests of all nations to resist the latter.

If the process now under way succeeds—as is likely, even



The search for peace: Geneva Conference in December 1973...



... the Sinai I talks at Kilometer 101 in January 1974...



... and in 1975, Sadat and Kissinger meet in Egypt prior to Sinai II

A barren region is once again the focal point of humanity's hopes.

with occasional disappointments—Americans of every persuasion and party will have reason to be proud. We contributed a military balance which foreclosed a military solution. Our nation, because it was trusted by both sides, helped shape a negotiating process which culminated in the breakthrough of Sadat's historic journey. President Carter has handled the sequence of events growing out of the Sadat initiative with wisdom and delicacy, offering assistance but not intruding on the process of negotiations.

The ultimate credit should of course go to the audacious President of Egypt who dared to smash the psychological mold of a generation; to the courageous Premier of Israel who seized a unique moment of history; and to all the peoples of the Middle East whose inarticulate aspirations, prayers and sacrifices have created the prevailing climate for peace. Appropriately enough for this season, the barren region of the Middle East, which has spawned in its lonely spaces three great religions, has become once again the focal point of humanity's highest hopes.

Time Essay

The State of the Language, 1977

According to unreliable sources, the first man's first words were, "Madam, I'm Adam." Since then, language has been like that palindrome: the optimists can read its messages forward, the pessimists backward. In 1977 American English gave both groups plenty of opportunity. The air was saturated with recent coinages ("reverse discrimination," "mainstreaming," "ten-four, good buddy"). Some phrases enriched the nation's tongue; many impoverished it with jargon and meaningless terms. For words are like prescription lenses; they obscure what they do not make clear. This year the Washington *Star* had no trouble finding examples that blurred. In a section labeled "Gobbledygook," the newspaper offered a daily \$10 prize for the worst phrase of the day. Sample from the U.S. Labor Department: "No lost time injuries that do not result in a medical expense

should not be reported to the OWCP." Those who believe that Babel can be located somewhere south of Sacramento have derived aid and comfort from Richard Rosen's new volume, *Psychobabble*. On the downhill arc of the Me Decade, Rosen split an infinitive and savages cant as he collects "psychological patter, whose concern is to faithfully catalogue the ego's condition." Examples: "Very laid back," "I know where you're coming from" and "Go with the flow." Rosen was abetted by Novelist Cyra McFadden (*The Serial*), a resident of Marin County, where, she claims, such "mindless prattle" rises before it heads East to become a major pollutant. Her prototype of the Bay Area language abuser is a student to whom she assigned a Ray Bradbury short story. "I can't relate to the dude," he complained. Had he read the piece? Actually, no, he admitted. "I just flashed on it."

In the solismic sweepstakes, television maintained its undisputed lead. Those who wanted weathermen to stop misusing a word ("Hopefully it'll be a good weekend") were left hopeless. Connoisseurs of outrageous grammar once relished close encounters of the Susskind. In 1977 Howard Cosell became the new favorite. "Our surminal is correct" was one of many errors produced by the World Series; so was an "instrumentality of destruction" (a smoke bomb). Cosell's colleagues relayed his throes: "The Chiefs went into the game overwhelming underdogs"; "The player is loaded with inexperience."

If the past year is any indication, aggressions on the field will cease long before announcers stop doing violence to language. When they do, ungrammatical sign makers will doubtless be hard at work. As they did in 1977, chain stores will offer "bargain's" and "giant sales" will not have a single giant to sell. Banks will still offer their tautological "free gifts." Perhaps the year's weirdest notice was spotted in a Toledo restaurant: "Shirts, socks and shoes must be worn to be served."

Even at the august New York *Times*, the guards sometimes seemed to be dozing. Some illegal entrants: "falsely padded expense accounts" (as opposed, the reader assumes, to truly padded ones); an obituary describing Playwright Saul Levitt as a "lifelong native of New York"; a man "shot fatally three times"; and David Berkowitz, the "Son of Sam" identified as the "alleged suspect."

Yet for those who flash on linguistic news, not all the evidence was discouraging. Indeed, quite a few language barriers were dismantled in 1977. Jimmy Carter is hardly a master of the lapidary prose style, preferring code phrases like "defensible borders" and "legitimate rights," and words from his en-

gineering days such as "competent," "effective" and "specific." But he is making good on his promise that federal regulations would be written "in plain English for a change." Optimists have noted that in 1977 the Office of Education simplified its forms. The Federal Trade Commission, a major producer of fog, has hired Wordsmith Rudolf Flesch (*Why Johnny Can't Read*) as a consultant. At the Department of Housing and Urban Development, Ruth Limmer, former English professor at Goucher College, is trying to turn federal letters into readable prose. "The writer has a terrible time setting the tone," she says. "So he uses an impersonal bureaucratic tone to cover himself. He uses it out of fear."

There are only two reliable remedies for the fear of plain speaking. One is to accept change, to celebrate rather than

mourn the resilience of that living organism, language. "Reverse discrimination" may be an ungainly term, but it accurately describes a pragmatic philosophy. "Mainstreaming" is the short form of a long process: the education of disabled children alongside the normal. Slang, foreign phrases, black English continually enliven the American vocabulary. Even CBbehavior has its inoffensive moments: "super slabs" seems as good a term as express highways, and "modjating" (talking) while "dropping the hammer" (accelerating) is more dangerous to the driver than to his speech. Novelist Ivy Compton-Burnett's warning remains as valid in the Colonies as in England: "We must use words as they

are used or stand aside from life." That use does not mean an utter lapse of standards. When psychobabble, grammatical barbarities and jargon take the place of honest words, it is time to use remedy two: derision. Woody Allen aims his language critiques from the screen. In *Annie Hall*, when a rock promoter invites him to get mellow, Allen refuses: "When I get mellow I ripen and then I rot." "From time to time," wrote George Orwell, "one can even, if one jeers loudly enough, send some verbal refuse into the dustbin where it belongs." "Downplay," for example, is jettisoned by Novelist Peter De Vries: "If I heard a speaker use it I would upget and outwalk." Historian Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. objects to the popular synonym for homosexual: "Gay" used to be one of the most agreeable words in the language. Its appropriation by a notably morose group is an act of piracy.

Still, at year's end, neither wordsmiths nor comedians have the power of the people. Some of the favorite phrases of 1977 will make it to the lexicons: most will wither before the new year ends. Pessimists have a point when they refer to the new excrescences of television ego-talk. But optimists are not wrong when they find clearer days on Capitol Hill and a tonic absence of Viet Nam euphemisms and campus-v-cops rhetoric. "Things are improving," says TV Pundit Edwin Newman (*A Civil Tongue*): "Schools are finally doing what they ought to do, teaching the basic English that we have neglected for too long. But," he admits, "the headmaster at one school recently told his faculty, 'There should always be something ongoing going on.' So we can hardly be complacent."

Thus both sides can take—or lose—heart. In the hallowed jargon of yesterday, herewith the bottom line: "Are we not drawn onward, we few, drawn onward to new era?" That, too, can be read backward and forward.

—Stefan Kanfer



DRAWING BY SAUL STEINBERG. © 1977 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.



MIKE MURPHY



TIME IMAGES 1977

All years develop personalities of their own and 1977 will be remembered as a time of bold beginnings and startling surprises—not all of them pleasant. Much of the U.S. shivered through the nation's coldest winter. There was terror in the streets of New York City, where a killer known as Son of Sam stalked his victims. *Roots* stole the Nielsen's with the theme of searching for ancestors, hardly a surefire plot line. The most engaging movie star turned out to be a stubby tin can named Artoo Detoo. Symbolizing a fresh start, Jimmy Carter came marching down Pennsylvania Avenue and put the Democrats, including Vice President Walter Mondale, back in the White House. Democratic majorities in Congress were entrusted to House Speaker Tip O'Neill (with gavel) and Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd (with fiddle). Gerald Ford could relax, but for Bert Lance (confering with Lawyer Clark Clifford), 1977 turned sour all too soon.





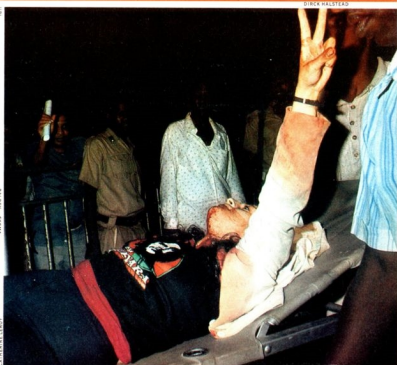
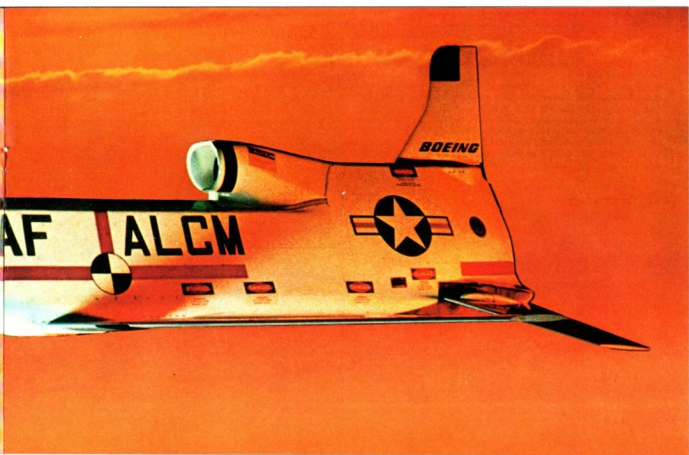
TIME

IMAGES

1977

The new cruise missile soared above earthbound leaders and problems. Secretary of State Vance visited China. Steve Biko was buried, but charges that South African police had killed him were not. Spain's Adolfo Suárez (on the phone) became the head of his country's new government. Panama's Torrijos backed a Canal treaty with the U.S. Soviet Dissident Sakharov riled the Kremlin. Israel's Herzog yawned at the U.N. Uganda's Amin stayed in power; India's Gandhi did not. The surviving skyjacker at Mogadishu flashed defiance, and Elizabeth II's Silver Jubilee roused British pomp and pride.





TIME

IMAGES

1977

All year long the weather was too much—too cold or too hot, too dry or too wet. Buffalo's savage storms left a man and his auto buried in snow. In California, the drought dried up reservoirs. A survivor of yet another rampaging flood in Johnstown, Pa., sat dazed on a ruined car, and a volcano in Hawaii staged spectacular light shows (lower right). Man-made catastrophes claimed a heavy toll. A nightclub fire in Kentucky killed 164 (lower left); two giant 747s collided in the Canary Islands, leaving 582 dead. Fire swept an oil rig in the North Sea, and New York City suffered its second power blackout in twelve years.



PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD



PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD



PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD

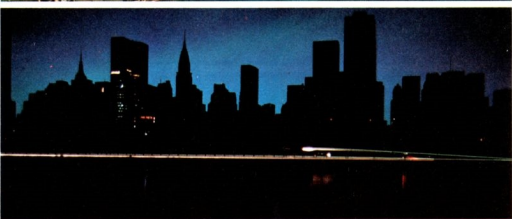




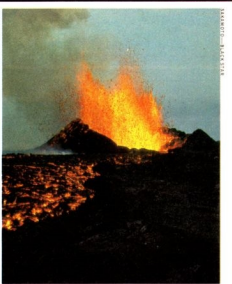
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STEVE KORTUP



TIME

IMAGES

1977

Women marched forward in 1977, both together and alone. The National Women's Conference in Houston whipped up flag-waving excitement. In *Annie Hall*, Diane Keaton (left) was a lovable comedienne; in *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*, she was a sexual drifter. Swimsuited Cheryl Tiegs smiled as the world's highest paid fashion model (fee: \$1,000 a day). With Rosalynn Carter, Helga Orfila, wife of the Secretary-General of the Organization of American States, watched the signing of the Panama Canal Treaty (which still must be ratified by the Senate). Crime took no holiday in 1977: David Berkowitz (lower left) was accused of being the Son of Sam killer; Hanafi Muslims seized buildings in Washington, D.C.; James Earl Ray was caught after fleeing prison. Alex Haley sought his roots in Juffure, the African village of his ancestors. Cancer victim Hubert Humphrey gallantly returned to the Senate, and Richard Nixon came out of seclusion to tell America on TV how the unthinkable had happened.

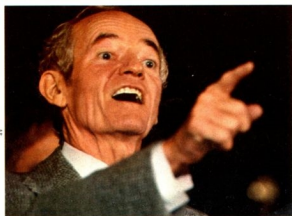




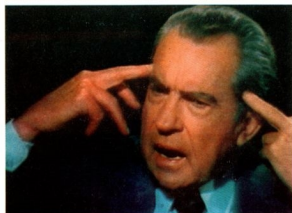
ERIC LESTER

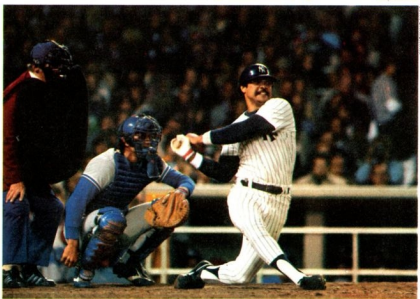


KEVIN MAZUR



KEVIN MAZUR





NEWSPHOTO—2/20/8



TIME IMAGES 1977

It was a year of old and new faces, of hellos and good-byes. Jockey Steve Cauthen, 17, rode from bugdom to fame. The inimitable Pelé played his farewell soccer match. Baltimore Mnnager Earl Weaver pulled an unhappy face as his team faltered. With the home-run heroics of Reggie Jackson, the Yankees beat the Dodgers in the World Series. Elvis died and millions of Americans mourned. *Star Wars* had the force to become the biggest box office movie with its irresistible cast of humans and humanoids, plus the irrepressible Artoo Detoo. Margaret Trudeau hobbled with the Rolling Stones (upper left) and separated from Husband Pierre, Canada's Prime Minister. Flipping on a trampoline, Trudeau proved he was as bouncy as ever. Amy Carter and Grits settled nicely into the White House. And on a lovely day in May, George Willig climbed the World Trade Center in Manhattan to put his personal stamp on 1977.

NEWSPHOTO—2/20/8



LEFT—BLACK STAR



Nation



For America in 1978, the new morality is really the old, and a sense of well-being and community pervades throughout the land

New Year's Mellow Mood

In a time of peace, heroes are in, protest is out and worries are muted

My argument is that War makes rattling good history; but Peace is poor reading.

—Thomas Hardy

There is no evidence as Americans enter 1978 that they share Hardy's aesthetic view and prefer chaos to calm. For the first time in more than a dozen years, abroad and at home the nation is at peace and clearly enjoying it. Sons do not go off to die in foreign fields, and daughters do not end their lives making bombs for a war at home. The crime rate, particularly for murder, is way down. The hatreds that lashed American cities, while not cured, are curbed. The humiliations of political deceit no longer command headlines. Nor do the headlines command: reveal, resign; withdraw, withstand.

Peace, Shakespeare's "dear nurse of arts, plenties and joyful births," succors national life at last. Broadway and region-

al theater flourishes; attendance at museums is the highest in history. In December the first child was born in the new homeland of a tribe of America's oldest people, the Mohawk Indians, who won a piece of state land at Ganienkeh, N.Y., after a three-year struggle. Indeed, both the nation's birth and marriage rates rose in 1977. Though serious problems persist in the U.S., a sense of well-being and restored community pervades.

In Boston, hundreds of artists and performers labored to prepare free, outdoor art shows and concerts for a New Year's Eve celebration. Like a scene from a 19th century print, Bostonians by the tens of thousands will wend their candlelit way past sculpture and singers, gathering on the Common for fireworks and communal cheer. In Beverly Hills, Calif., 2,000 people had been expected at a modest tree-lighting ceremony; 15,000 showed up. The once tattered social fabric is being rewoven. Across the country, charities report

sharp increases in donations of all kinds. In Portland, Ore., the United Way fund drive not only met but exceeded its goal for the first time in a decade. Said Drive Director Howard Studd: "We're really a good barometer of psychological attitudes. People are feeling relaxed and confident about the future. We're coming off a couple of rough years—Viet Nam, Watergate, inflation, unemployment. People had lost faith in the public institutions. Maybe they're regaining their faith."

Certainly the wounds are healing, even those most painful wounds of old wars. At Christmas-week talks with U.S. officials in Paris, Vietnamese representatives agreed to intensify their search for the remains of American servicemen still listed as missing in action. This spring a delegation from Hanoi will visit Hawaii to study maps showing presumed locations of downed U.S. planes. After more than 30 years of bureaucratic machinations and court litigation, 52 Filipinos last

week were finally granted the U.S. citizenship promised to all aliens who joined the American armed forces during World War II.

For the future, there is the hope, indeed the belief, that a chastened America will mediate, not intervene, in remote foreign fights. Nancy Lindborg, a guidance counselor in Orlando, Fla., gazed across the dinner table at her daughter, home from her freshman year at college. As Mrs. Lindborg recalls, "I thought, 'If there's a war, it's her generation.' And then it flashed through my mind, 'There's not going to be a war.'"

The domestic wars have simmered down as well. For three years, the Christmas holidays at South Boston High School had merely meant a lull in the racial conflict over busing. This year school officials have unplugged the airport metal detectors once used to screen students for weapons, the police have been removed from the halls, and Southie students are at peace. Said one kid: "After a while, you get to know them. You just get along." In Chicago, one of the nation's most stubbornly segregated cities, a new busing program drew angry words this fall but no violent resistance. Once citizens took to the streets to denounce court rulings. Now a Miami Dolphins fan took to the sky to protest the inordinance of a National Football League referee whose early whistle on a fumble cost the local heroes a playoff spot. NFL ... BAD CALL, the skywriter spelled out. It's a far cry from IMPEACH EARL WARREN.

Boston TV reporters regularly ask citizens, "What's bugging you?"—and lately a startling number of them have replied, "Nothing." Pollsters report that the people may be fretful and uncertain about the nation's economy, but they are remarkably confident about their own economic futures. The close-in issues of inflation and unemployment, energy and taxes top the worry lists in all the polls, but concerns about far-off Russia or Africa are way down on the list. Despite the ravages of

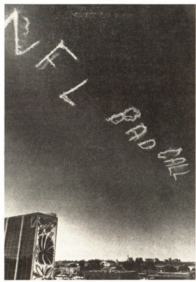
inflation, the median U.S. family's income rose in 1977, and 92 million Americans are now working, up from 86 million in November 1974. The hottest country-and-western hit is Johnny Paycheck's good-natured, blue-collar cry for the freedom to find work that satisfies as well as sustains: *Take This Job and Shove It*.

Unfortunately, that sentiment is a luxury for more than 6 million Americans—mostly blacks and Hispanics, women and youths—who are unemployed. Pressure from imports in many industries, notably steel, clothing and electronics, threatens more jobs. Along with rising cries for protectionism, there are some encouraging attempts at self-help. The shutdown of an old Youngstown Steel plant devastated that Ohio city, but municipal leaders and Youngstown Steel employees have begun a search for a new owner and are investigating a plan to take over the plant and operate it as a community-owned enterprise.

Still to be reckoned are the dislocations, in lifestyle and in the workplace, that the energy crisis holds in store. However blissfully its implications are ignored today, very real changes lie ahead. Not all of them will be bad, of course. There may well be economic surges in the nation's resource-rich areas, particularly those that have previously been left behind: the coal-rich regions of Appalachia; the intermountain West, which is a trove of oil, shale and uranium; the farm belt of the Midwest, now suffering from depressed prices but likely to prosper from future demands on the American cornucopia by a hungry, yearning world.

As the new year begins, most Americans find that the struggle of their times has eased and life is softer, somehow simpler. Women's fashions feature clinging fabrics and frills after a decade of jeans and tailored austerity. The top bestseller is *The Silmarillion*, the final whimsy from the pen of J.R.R. Tolkien. Easy Rider Peter Fonda is out of work, while an intergalactic black hat/white hat western—with a robot named Artoo Detoo playing Henry Kissinger on space-shuttle diplomacy—sets box-office records. *Star Wars* is a winner, says Marquette University Sociologist Wayne Youngquist, "because it's a story of good guys v. bad guys, and the good guys win. We have this hunger for heroes again. This is not an era of antiheroes."

Some of the biggest heroes are athletes. Tampa exploded with joy after two straight wins by its doormat football team. The bestselling book in Oregon is an account of the Portland Trail Blazers' championship season in pro basketball. In Denver, Bronco T shirts, coffee mugs, stocking stuffers are sold out at most stores. As Youngquist also notes, "Athletes are back to being respectable people on campus again." Upon his appointment as president of Yale, A. Bartlett Giamatti admitted that his principal ambition had been to become president—of the American League.



Miami skywriter spells out his anger

Gripes with the ref replace street outbursts.

The loudest noise on campuses is the grind for grades. Corporate recruiters draw record crowds of students and bring good tidings; job prospects for June grads are the brightest in many years. Student demonstrations are rare, and when they do erupt, the protest is not against some big political issue but local tuition increases. "We are definitely apathetic," says Eric Mowrey, Haverford '78, "but it is a beneficial apathy, an apathy of satisfaction. We have been through enough for a while. We need a break. Now we can go forth and party without feeling a sense of remorse."

The new morality, it turns out, is really the old. Affection and fidelity are still the goals of personal relationships, even in a narcissistic, superficially hedonistic society. Marijuana is widely accepted now, but alcohol continues a comeback of dubious sorts: drink, not dope, is the principal drug of abuse among the young. Dancing is in, and so is eating out.

Christmas giving set new records for retail sales after several so-so years. Sales of toys and flowers were particularly strong. A survey of 40 state governments projects a budget surplus for 1978, and with the extra money comes a dedication to spend wisely. The old ills and excesses, the nation has learned, are too costly—crushing in economic terms and incalculable in human terms. Chicago's Cook County has spent \$762,561 defending its public officials in lawsuits brought by the survivors of three Black Panthers gunned down by police in 1969.

How long will the nation's gentler, easier mood last? Few people are searching for the answer. Says Atlanta Assistant Store Manager Norbert Stanislaw: "There is always some dark presence around the corner if you look for it, but nobody's looking for it." Hail tranquility. ■

MAV THE FORCE BE WITH YOU...

THE
1978
STAR
WARS
CALENDAR

An intergalactic black hat/white hat western
The good guys win.

Rage over Rising Regulation

To autocratic bureaucrats, nothing succeeds like excess

Joe Pinga could scarcely believe his eyes when he opened the innocent-looking letter from the Occupational Safety and Health Administration. It charged him with twelve federal violations in his bakery in West Warwick, R.I., including electric plugs with two prongs instead of three and a safety railing four inches too low. Deeply hurt, Pinga asked himself: "My God, how can I be guilty? I haven't even had a trial." So he challenged the charges in court and spent \$1,500 in legal fees to beat a \$90 fine. His heart went out to the young OSHA inspector who broke down on the witness stand and admitted that her only qualification was a 40-hour series of OSHA seminars. But Pinga is convinced that his fight was worthwhile. Thumping a thick tome of OSHA regulations, he declares: "If this book existed when my dad came to this country in 1906, this nation would still be a prairie. Now it's bureaucracy on top of bureaucracy. That's not America."

John Loughlin, assistant superintendent of schools in Portsmouth, N.H., is worried, as are most other U.S. education officials, about the U.S. Civil Rights Commission's Forms 101 and 102. They demand that he list the number of black, Hispanic, female and handicapped pupils in each class in the city's schools. Loughlin notes that the federal rules require gathering "a lot of data that we don't keep and that is illegal for us to find out." How does Loughlin cope? "Some of the answers we just make up," he confesses.

Irving S. Shapiro, chairman of E.I. Du Pont de Nemours & Co. (annual sales: more than \$8 billion), says, "It costs the company a lot of time and money to comply with Government reporting requirements." Du Pont has to spend \$5 million and 180 man-years of work annually to file 15,000 reports to the Federal Government. Among many other things, the company is held accountable not only for its own programs for hiring and promoting minorities and women, but also for the affirmative action programs of every supplier that sells it more than \$2,500 worth of goods a year. As a Government contractor, it is required to provide such information and thus sends out 28,000 let-

ters a year to these suppliers. Shapiro contends that the regulations are so excessive that if Du Pont were starting out today, "perhaps the company wouldn't make it. Even in the best of times, there is a high infant mortality rate for business. Today we compound the risk with so much Government intervention that it's a wonder that anyone survives."

Like Pinga, Loughlin and Shapiro, entrepreneurs, executives and local officials throughout the land are bewildered and

mission member. "Washington is the source of so much red tape that you'd think it was working on a landfill somewhere. Like the Grand Canyon."

The paper is backed up by the stern might of the law; it can be followed by fines, loss of federal aid, harassment and obloquy. The regulations are impeding and inhibiting Americans in almost all areas of endeavor and transforming the society in ways that nobody can quite foresee. Writing in a new bimonthly magazine, *Regulation*, published by the conservative American Enterprise Institute in an effort to keep track of federal rulings, Social Critic Irving Kristol argues that many of the zealous regulators have an "ideological animus against the private economic sector. They are inclined to believe that a planned economic system would create a superior way of life for all Americans. They detest the individualism so characteristic of a free society."

Eighty-seven federal agencies and offices with 100,000 workers keep the private sector behaving as Big Brother sees fit. The most important 30 of these outfits have combined operating expenses of \$2.9 billion a year. The older agencies—including the Interstate Commerce Commission (founded in 1887), the Federal Trade Commission (1914), the Food and Drug Administration (1931), the Civil Aeronautics Board (1938)—impose limitations on particular industries. The newer agencies—the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission (1964), the Environmental Protection Agency (1970), OSHA (1970), the Consumer Product Safety Commission (1972)—issue orders to institutions across the board. Their potential for change, and for damage, is far greater than their more circumscribed predecessors. Says Kristol: "This creates a lot of questions about who is running the country."

Most of the agencies were created to meet a legitimate need. The question is how they are administered. Wisely or foolishly, punitively or conciliatorily, arrogantly or sensitively? Above all, regulations must be considered within the broader context of the whole



outraged by the growing number of federal rules and regulations. They seem to float out from Washington as casually as children blow soap bubbles, and all too often contain about as much substance. No one can possibly keep up with all the pronouncements affecting him and his business or profession, and many people have given up trying. Each national Administration has promised to cut the paper burden, only to end up adding to it. The Commission on Federal Paperwork, created in 1974 to figure out how to control red tape, estimates that the Government cranks out enough documents every year to fill 51 major league baseball stadiums or eleven new Washington Monuments. "It's unbelievable," says a former com-

society; hidden costs must be calculated. There is little effort made to determine trade-offs. To what extent, for example, should environmental restrictions be imposed if the consequence is the loss of jobs? The problem is to find the happy medium, with which, of course, nobody will be all that happy. Says Harrison Wellford, the White House aide in charge of Government reorganization: "You have four or five agencies impinging on a particular industry. No one is considering the cumulative impact or the contradictions."

The contradictions can be incredible and infuriating, as shown by just two conflicts between OSHA and the Department of Agriculture. OSHA demands grated floors in butcher shops to reduce the risk of employees' slipping. The Department of Agriculture declares that the same floors must be smooth because grates increase the hazards of contamination. Last year OSHA also directed that the Made-Rite Sausage Co. of Sacramento, Calif., place protective guards on its meat-blending machine to keep employees' hands out of it, even though the machine is too high for workers to reach. But such a guard would have violated Agriculture Department regulations because it would have made the machine too difficult to clean. The company did the only sensible thing: nothing.

Some of the most hard-pressed industries are the ones most penalized by overregulation. Already threatened by low-cost imports, the steel industry has been forced to spend \$3 billion to control air and water pollution; industry leaders estimate that they will have to come up with another \$5.5 billion in the next six to eight years to comply with EPA directives. These costs are eating up a high percentage of capital expenditures at a time when the industry desperately needs to invest in new plant and equipment in order to ease unemployment and become competitive in world markets. The low-profit textile industry estimates it will have to spend \$6 billion over the next five years to comply with just two OSHA regulations intended to reduce noise and dust in the mills.

It is not only businesses that are under increasing pressure from Washington. The University of Pennsylvania found that the cost of complying with twelve federal programs jumped from \$350,000 in 1972 to \$3.2 million in 1977. Now the university is being forced to spend an estimated \$2.5 million to make changes to meet new regulations aiding the handicapped. The Department of Health, Education and Welfare insists that the university install an elevator in College Hall, which would cost \$100,000. Catch-22 is that if the university makes any change in the 100-year-old building, it must bring the entire hall up to standards set out in the local building code. Cost: \$1 million. Says Donald Murray, professor of statistics at the university: "No institution has traditionally done more than higher education for the handicapped. We have educated the lame and the blind since we

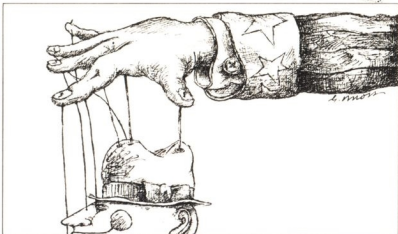
have been in existence. Now, to try to comply with the letter of the law, all the institutions would go broke."

Everybody foots the bill. Higher educational expenses push up tuitions; higher business costs are passed along to the consumer. Barry Bosworth, director of the President's Council on Wage and Price Stability, feels that excessive regulation is a primary reason why the average annual increase in U.S. productivity slowed from 3% between 1948 and 1966 to 2% since then. Gerald Ford's White House figured that the price of regulation—the cost of bureaucracy along with declining productivity—takes \$2,000 out of the pocket of the typical American family each year, a larger sum than is collected in federal income taxes.

Robert S. Smith, professor of industrial and labor relations at Cornell, condemns the common assumption that "when you're dealing with business, you

factories and shops: "Knots of less than 1/2 inch thick in diameter are permitted on the wide face of portable wooden ladders provided they are at least 1/2 inch back from either edge; the slope of the grain in side rails shall not be steeper than 1 in 12 inches..." Not exactly a stairway to paradise. With appropriate illustrations, an OSHA manual instructs farmers how to avoid slipping on cow dung.

OSHA inspectors have turned up in the most unlikely places with the most implausible demands. Michael Armstrong, manager of In-Line Inc., a North Carolina construction firm, recalls the investigator who insisted that he provide a portable toilet for his crew while they were digging a tunnel under a highway. In vain did Armstrong argue that his men never complained about using the bathroom at a filling station 50 yards away. OSHA was even determined to give cowboys a new



are only hurting a small and very wealthy group of citizens. That is fallacious." Adds J. Peter Grace, president of W.R. Grace & Co.: "The consumer is caught in a double squeeze. He pays the taxes that support the bureaucrats in Washington, and he pays higher prices for almost everything he buys, from automobiles to aspirin."

Everybody's favorite agency to hate is OSHA. "It is a four-letter word," says Congressman George Hansen, an Idaho Republican. OSHA was set up to protect 50 million workers from safety hazards in their 4 million places of work. People who are self-employed are excluded from OSHA's scrutiny; so are farmers with ten or fewer workers. Safety in some kinds of employment—mining, railways, airlines, highways, atomic energy—is regulated by other federal agencies. An estimated 4,500 workers died in 1976 from accidents or disease related to their jobs (down from 5,200 in 1975). But OSHA has overreacted by jamming every conceivable danger, however remote, into a 7-ft.-thick code that must be the world's most boring reading. Consider this example, on the wood used in ladders in

kind of home on the range, complete with a portable flush toilet within five minutes walking distance. Ranch hands who felt that nature provided ample resources for their needs hooted the proposal down. "Can you imagine a cowboy carrying his own restroom on the back of his horse?" scoffed Doug Huddleston, president of the Colorado Cattlemen's Association.

Businessmen contend that OSHA's most pernicious habit is to sneak up on them unawares without search warrants, a practice that is drawing increasing scrutiny from the courts. Since last January, 18 state and federal court decisions have been handed down against the agency for violating the Fourth Amendment guarantee against unlawful search and seizure. A suit is pending before the U.S. Supreme Court challenging the agency's authority to make inspections without a warrant. There is plenty of evidence that such tactics simply make enforcement all the harder. Says William Kemp, a furniture manufacturer in Goldsboro, N.C.: "If the OSHA inspector and I could work together to make my place safe, it would be

Nation

O.K. But if he comes in to get me and fine me, I'm going to hide everything I can from him. You don't try to use an atomic bomb when a flyswatter will do."

Some steps toward disarmament are being taken by OSHA's new boss, Eula Bingham, 48, a former science professor at the University of Cincinnati. Apparently she has heeded President Carter's executive order of last November calling for "simple and clear regulations" and less interference with individuals and organizations. She pared by half the number of OSHA forms that employers must fill out, and virtually eliminated them for small businessmen who employ ten or fewer people. In December, she announced that OSHA is abolishing 1,100 of its more than 10,000 regulations; her hit list will require

commissioner, insists that every new rule proposed to him must include an economic impact statement and it is often submitted to state environmental offices for their comments. Costle always asks subordinates: "Have you looked at alternative ways, including doing nothing?" Though Carter's well-touted zero-based budgeting has gone nowhere in most agencies, it has worked well at EPA. Holed up in a windowless room for three weeks, officials constructed a new budget from the bottom up; for example, they shifted half the funds for noise abatement to a program for screening drinking water for toxic chemicals.

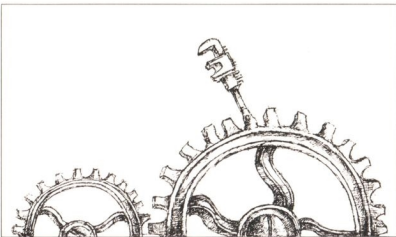
Encouraging changes are also taking place at the Civil Aeronautics Board, which is steering toward deregulation.

grams need to be run from headquarters for the sake of consistency; divergent decisions, the department feels, confuse and mislead people. But St. Louis Mayor James Conway, a Democrat, is dismayed. "Everything is coming from Washington rather than the regional offices," he says. "Under Nixon and Ford, decisions were frequently made in the field and quickly. We find less of that now."

Centralization also leads to slow-downs and foul-ups. Three times in the past 18 months, the University of Alabama in Birmingham has sent copies of its affirmative action plan to HEW's Office for Civil Rights. Three times the office has lost it. Says University Vice President Robert Glaze: "You're talking about a document roughly the size of the Manhattan telephone book." When the plan was finally found, the civil rights office declared regulations had changed, and the plan must be resubmitted—at considerable cost to the university.

Zealotry seems to be on the increase at HEW. Over the years, no city has surpassed New York in helping the poor and integrating minorities. Nevertheless, the city was cited by HEW's Office for Civil Rights for permitting a racial imbalance of teachers. Last September, the agency demanded a reapportionment so that each school district would have the same percentage of minority teachers as the system as a whole. The school board was compelled to separate 3,500 teachers into two lines, one for whites, the other for blacks and Hispanics. Then they drew their new assignments by lot from a box. On the U.S. Senate floor, New York's Daniel Patrick Moynihan assailed this racial nipping. "In the name of civil rights," he complained, "the Office for Civil Rights is mandating practices which would have appalled us a decade ago, practices which mindlessly violate the most fundamental principles of this nation as set down in the Constitution. Such practices evoke one image in our lifetimes above all others: the sorting out of human beings for the death camps of Hitler's Germany."

This deepening revulsion among Americans against the excesses of bureaucracy suggests that a showdown is imminent. Opponents of bureaucracy have history on their side. The examples of nations and empires—from ancient Rome to modern Britain—that have been weakened or crushed by the weight of bureaucracy are too numerous to be ignored. The U.S., of course, is a long way from such a fate, but the warning signals have been flashed. Once bureaucracy has begun to grow, it is devilishly hard to restrain, much less reverse its advance. Such is the challenge that faces America. As he approaches his second year in office, Jimmy Carter could adopt no more crucial resolution than to keep his campaign promise to cut back Big Government. ■



more than 250 pages of explanation in the *Federal Register*. By reducing trivia, Bingham hopes to concentrate on the genuine dangers that still exist in the workplace, notably in the heavy manufacturing, petrochemical and maritime occupations. She pledges that "OSHA's going to be looking for the whales, not the minnows."

But Bingham does not intend to reduce OSHA's staff of 2,700, which has almost doubled in the past five years, or its annual \$134 million budget, which has nearly tripled in that time. So far businessmen give her good marks for intentions, lesser ones for accomplishment. Says James D. McKevitt, Washington counsel for the National Federation of Independent Business: "Talking a good game is one thing, but getting those bureaucrats at the bottom to implement it is something else. They often wall off the most well-intentioned administrator. They have the traffic-cop attitude. They just like the power of giving tickets."

No federal agency has responded more quickly to Carter's anti-interference order than the Environmental Protection Agency, regarded as a special plague by business. Administrator Douglas Costle, 38, formerly Connecticut's environmental

Chairman Alfred Kahn, 60, a Cornell economist who was appointed by Carter in May, is one of the rare bureaucrats who is trying to put his agency at least partly out of business. Under him, the CAB has given the airlines more freedom to lower fares and expand charter flights. Kahn is impatient with bureaucratic obstructionism. He learned, for example, that a petition by the city of Columbus, Ohio, for more airline service had not been answered for eight years by the CAB. An aide recalls Kahn's mastication of the responsible bureaucrats: "He bit them so hard you can still tell who they are and how they were bitten. They're the ones not sitting down."

Most of the Government, however, remains impervious to presidential commands. After all, Presidents come and go; the civil service endures. One of the most durable bureaucracies is HEW, with its \$53 billion budget. A centralizer of the old school, Secretary Joseph Califano reversed the decentralization undertaken by the Nixon and Ford Administrations. The ten regional directors were shorn of their independence, which was returned to Washington for safekeeping despite Carter's promise to restore "Government to the people." HEW argues that its 370 pro-

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Tax Plans

Carter wants cuts of \$25 billion

During the campaign, Jimmy Carter described the U.S. tax system as a "disgrace to the human race" and promised "comprehensive" reforms. But with unemployment at 6.9%, inflation at 6.5% and the economy expected to weaken in the second half of 1978, he has had to shelve most of his ideas for reform. Instead, to stimulate the economy, he settled last week on a package of tax cuts totaling \$25 billion—about \$3 billion higher than had been expected—which he will recommend to Congress in January. Main features of his tax program:

► For individuals, tax rates would be trimmed across the board by two percentage points, reducing them to a range of 12% to 68%. The \$750 personal exemption would be replaced by a \$250 tax credit for each member of a taxpayer's family. As a result, Treasury Department officials estimate, the income tax paid by a typical family of four with an annual income of \$10,000 would be slashed to \$16, a savings of \$430; a family of the same size earning \$35,000 a year would pay an income tax of \$6,148, a savings of only \$70. Tax cuts for individuals would total about \$16 billion a year.

► For corporations, tax rates would be reduced to 45%, a cut of three percentage points, as of next Oct. 1, and by another percentage point on Jan. 1, 1980. The investment tax credit would stay at 10%, instead of dropping to 7% in 1980, as now scheduled. Moreover, the credit, which now applies only to new machinery and equipment, would be extended to new plant construction. Tax savings for business would total about \$7 billion a year.

Carter also will recommend two minor anti-inflation measures: 1) elimination of the 4% excise tax on telephone calls, a relic of World War II levies, and 2) a cut, to 5% from 7%, in the payroll tax paid by employers to the unemployment insurance fund. Total savings: \$2.3 billion a year. In a symbolic gesture, Carter will propose disallowing business tax deductions for country club fees and for half the cost of working lunches. But he abandoned his idea of taxing capital gains at the same rates as ordinary income.

Prospects are excellent for speedy passage of the Carter tax plan, though Congress may add another \$5 billion or so in tax cuts. Businessmen and economists cautiously endorsed Carter's proposals as beneficial to the economy, even though the stimulus will be largely offset by new increases in Social Security taxes, which will begin taking effect in 1979. Said Jack Carlson, chief economist for the U.S. Chamber of Commerce: "He has recognized that the economy is slipping away faster than he expected, and that he doesn't have time for major reform proposals."

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Jimmy, Jerry, Zbig and Henry

One of the most important things that happened in 1977 may not have been in an Executive order or a law passed by Congress or an idea spoken by Jimmy Carter. It may have been the extraordinary web of civilized human relationships spun among the men and women of Washington and world power almost in spite of themselves.

Had Lyndon Johnson been around this holiday season, he would have raised his glass to his favorite Old Testament prophet, Isaiah, who urged humanity almost 3,000 years ago: "Come now, and let us reason together."

Jerry Ford and Jimmy Carter reasoned together a bit last week in the very Oval Office that one had wrested from the other. They gripped, grinned, patted and chortled over their special memories, plugged the glories of America and the new Panama Canal treaty, and reserved the right to gentlemanly argument just as soon as they parted. Indeed, that night, as Jimmy jitterbugged at a White House press party, the tuxedoed Ford in another part of town found a few things to quarrel over in the Carter record. Yet when Jerry flew off to Vail for the holidays, he complimented Carter on his graciousness and explained that political differences did not intrude in their "friendly relationship." Harry Truman and Dwight Eisenhower did not speak for more than eight years; Richard Nixon and John Kennedy spoke only when they had to.

The President's National Security Adviser, Zbigniew Brzezinski, who did not like the way the world was running when he went to the White House, the other day rang up Henry Kissinger, one of the fellows who had put the world in the shape it was. Zbig asked Henry out to lunch at the Sans Souci, an eloquent eatery until now shunned by the Carter people. A covenant of mutual admiration was struck just a few feet from the mahogany Venus in the middle of the restaurant. Helped along by a couple of glasses of Almaden Chablis, the two former professors were soon intently but good-naturedly debating their respective views as if they were back in the classroom.

The wonder of Menachem Begin's overnight drop-in on the White House is still being pondered for lasting significance. Such visits were never before conceived in less than months. Suddenly, Israel's Premier was at the door. Jimmy's arms were open. When the first meeting was over, Carter plunked down at his desk and rang up Anwar Sadat over in Cairo just as if he were on the phone to Plains. Carter filled in the Egyptian President on what he and Begin had discussed. Begin went off to visit his old friend Kissinger, then dropped in on the ailing Senator Hubert Humphrey. When Zbig rose at lunch at the Israeli embassy to toast the mutual commitment to a noble ideal, to "the birth of peace," the emotional response in the room startled almost everyone. And a little later Henry Kissinger, the enduring wit, could chortle. "We may be doomed to peace."

There is in all of this the welcome dismissal of the stuffy protocol that has kept nations and men starched and stiff and at arm's length for too long. There is a new understanding of modern tools—the jet plane, the telephone, satellites and television. There is, too, something more profound. Most of the men and women who preside over the affairs of this globe sincerely believe, despite their vast differences, that no people or nation or political party ever benefits from hatred, or ever really wins a war.

In the holiday quiet that settled on Washington's Mall, breathakingly beautiful in the morning mist from the Capitol to the Lincoln Memorial, there seemed to be at the very least a moment of shared hope that rose larger than the multitude of problems that any New Year inevitably brings.



Carter and Ford meeting last week in the Oval Office

Americana



Winds of Change

"Looks bad, Cap, real bad."

"Aye, mate, she should hit hard in an hour or so, but you never can tell with these unpredictable ladies."

"Uh, sorry, sir, but the National Hurricane Center has named this one Bernard."

Bernard? Yes, indeed. Since 1953, meteorologists have given hurricanes women's names, which outrages some feminists. But the weather watchers are bending to the winds of change. Next month they will propose to the Departments of Defense, Commerce and Transportation that male names alternate with female starting in 1979. Federal officials will probably agree, but the idea must also be approved by 30 Western Hemisphere countries that belong to the World Meteorological Organization, which will meet next May and perform the usual chore of selecting a list of names for the following year's hurricanes. Some representatives are expected to object to the change out of masculine pride. But others might propose French and Spanish names for reasons of national pride. By comparison, the debate over gender could be only a passing squall.

Clearing the Air

Gardiner Hempel, 48, president of Speedcall Corp., a small electronics firm in Hayward, Calif., was tired of going home each evening reeking of tobacco smoke. A ban on smoking at the plant seemed too harsh a step. So, a year ago, he offered his 36 employees a \$7-a-week bonus for not puffing on the job. To qualify, they have to put their names on a weekly sign-up sheet hanging beneath a poster that reads: SMOKERS ARE O.K. NON-SMOKERS ARE O.K.-ER.

One name on the list each week is that of Hempel, who used to smoke a

pack of cigarettes a day. Now he pays bonuses totaling \$175 a week to 25 employees—13 who did not smoke in the first place and 12 who have curbed their habits. A receptionist happily reports that everyone is breathing "much nicer air" in the plant these days. "The implications for national health would be tremendous," Hempel says, if giant corporations like General Motors or General Electric adopted his old-fashioned capitalistic approach to clearing the air.

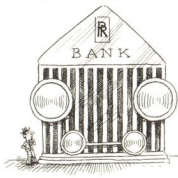
No Thanks, Tovarishchi

For two years, residents of Vulcan (pop. 200), W. Va., pleaded with state and federal officials for money to rebuild a 70-year-old bridge across the Big Sandy River that had collapsed from old age. Finally, to shame the bureaucrats into action, John Robinette, honorary mayor of the isolated mountain town, melodramatically applied to the Soviet Union for foreign aid.

Horror! The stunt worked all too well. A Manhattan-based representative of Moscow's *Literaturnaya Gazeta* hopped on a plane for Vulcan. A Russian charity committee said it was willing to consider a donation to help reopen the Big Sandy. Said Robinette, aghast at what he had unleashed: "Lord, Lord, get me out of this mess." Happily, someone did. State Highway Commissioner Charles L. Miller suddenly announced a \$500,000, one-lane bridge for Vulcan, to be built within a year. All of which caused the *New York Times* to suggest, tongue in cheek, that if the Soviets were truly interested in extending foreign aid to U.S. communities, New York City would be a far more worthy challenge than Vulcan.

Bank Rolls

To attract new deposits, banks have been giving away everything from toasters and TV sets to European vacations.



Now the tiny Desert Empire Bank (assets: \$8.5 million) near wealthy and exclusive Palm Springs, Calif., has come up with the most alluring bait perhaps considered so far: a \$55,000 Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow limousine for any customer who will sink \$1 million into 6.25% certificates of deposit for six years. The bank will also throw in the price of the sales tax and license plates.

But the terms apparently are not generous enough for those who can afford to take advantage of them. Within one week the bank received 20 inquiries—from as far away as Lansing, Ill.—but no takers. One prospective depositor asked whether he could get three of the deluxe autos if he deposited \$3 million. Emphatically yes, said Bank President Gerald McIntyre. Whereupon the canny investor tried to drive a harder bargain. At week's end he was holding out for 6.5% interest and a time limit of only three years.



Love Story

Shutting down Marineland of the Pacific in Palos Verdes, Calif., for renovations two months ago has had a bad effect on some of its aquatic performers. While the walruses have largely kept their cuddly cool, the dolphins and killer whales have shown signs of sorely missing their human audiences. Curator Tom Otten reports that they have become short-tempered, stare balefully at strangers and deliberately make mistakes when doing tricks with their trainers. Says he: "It's like a kid who slams the door, knowing that his mother will ask what's wrong and show him some sympathy." This watery form of anthropomania doubtless is an acquired trait, since in their natural habitat none of the mammals are aware of humans. Indeed, Trainer Tim Desmond suspects that his charges have come to love the roar of the crowds too much. With the park closed, he says, "I think they have become afraid that their livelihood is disappearing."

Medicine

A New/Old Flu

A-1 reappears in Siberia

As reports out of Moscow had it, the Soviet Union was being swept by an epidemic as devastating as any Mongol invasion. At least 40 million Soviet citizens (15% of the population) had been laid low with fever, coughing, headaches, aching bones and a lingering lethargy. By all accounts—none of them officially confirmed, of course—the ultimate ranking victim was Communist Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev. When his 71st birthday rolled around last week, Brezhnev, who rarely passes up any opportunity to accept honors or congratulations, was nowhere to be seen. In fact, he had canceled all recent appointments. At his last public appearance, at the Kremlin funeral of a Soviet marshal, he was coughing frequently and made liberal use of his handkerchief.

What has hit the Soviet Union is a microbe that is invisible except to devices like the electron-microscope eye: an influenza virus. It appears to have surfaced first in Khabarovsk, on the border between Soviet Siberia and Chinese Manchuria. (Soviet sources suggested that it might have originated in Southeast Asia as it has appeared in Hong Kong.) For obscure reasons, the Siberia-Manchuria border and nearby areas are suspected of having been the spawning ground of almost all, if not all, epidemic-causing influenza viruses. This region has been indicted as the birthplace of the notorious A-2 strain of Asian Flu that swept the world in 1957-58. The offspring and collaterals of that virus remain the principal causes of flu outbreaks around the globe.

The new strain currently savaging the Soviet Union, A/USSR/77, is closely similar to an old oltimer, the A-1 flu, which was the dominant strain from 1947 to 1957. During that period, people in most countries were exposed to this variety and thus acquired some immunity to A-1. But all those born after 1957 cannot be expected to have any immunity to A-1.

Disease detectives at the World Health Organization (WHO) in Geneva, which maintains branches in scores of countries, have received laboratory specimens of the 1977 A-1 strain. Several laboratories, including those at the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta, are testing them for degrees of mutation. New vaccines must be developed. They can probably be put into production soon enough to be ready for use by April.

Many parts of the U.S., notably New Jersey and Pennsylvania, have reported flu outbreaks already. But all the viruses responsible appear to be A/Texas or A/Victoria, both recent mutants against which currently available vaccines are generally (though not totally) effective. It

will take some months for the new A-1 strain to complete its spread—and spread it almost certainly will, from the frozen stretches of Siberia and Manchuria to Europe and the U.S. ■

Land of the Fat

America's weight woes grow

The great American concern about weight goes back at least two decades, and over the years millions have plunged into diets and all manner of reducing schemes, from daily jogging to lengthy sojourns at high-priced fat farms. To what effect? Very little, says the National Center for Health Statistics, an offshoot of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. In fact, the center reports, men and women in most age and height groups actually weigh more than they did 15 years ago.

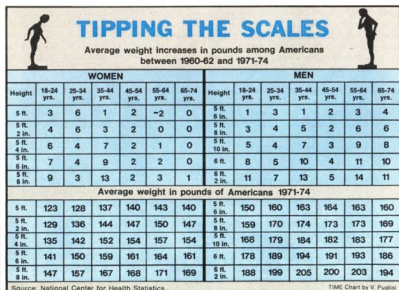
The center based its findings on a comparison between a survey taken in 1960-62 and a second study, covering 13,671 individuals selected at random as representative of the entire U.S. population, conducted in 1971-74. The reported weight gains varied widely, up to 14 lbs., depending on the sex, age and height of the subjects (see chart). But overall, they show that nearly the whole population is growing heavier. In the early 1960s, the average American woman was 5 ft. 3 in. tall and weighed 140 lbs.; today Ms. Average is pushing 5 ft. 4 in. and weighs 143 lbs. The average male used to be a shade more than 5 ft. 8 in. tall and weighed 166 lbs.; now he is 5 ft. 9 in. and tips the scales at 172 lbs.—a 4% weight gain. In general, shorter people have gained the least weight; the added avoird-

upois has been most striking among taller men and women.

Among men from ages 35 to 44 who are 6 ft. tall, for instance, the average weight increase has been 10 lbs. (to 194 lbs.). Among women in the same age group who are 5 ft. 8 in. tall, the weight gain has been a hefty 13 lbs. (to 167 lbs.); for 5-ft. 6-in. women in this same group the increase has been 9 lbs. (to 159 lbs.).

How to account for all this added heft? Laments Statistician Sidney Abraham, the main author of the center's report: "Adults are obviously not getting appreciably taller, and they usually do not get more muscular. All we can say is that the weight increase we found is due to fat." One cause might be junk food and quick lunches, eaten hastily. Independent physicians who treat many overweight patients are inclined to put at least as much if not more blame on prolonged TV watching, especially for men who spend many weekend hours entranced by football, enhanced with a six-pack of beer at their elbows.

Simple overweight is distinguished medically from gross obesity, a more serious condition that is often more difficult to treat. But even plain excess weight is almost universally believed to contribute to premature heart attacks and to be a prime cause of adult diabetes. Data compiled by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. in 1960 showed that more than half of American adults then weighed 10% or more over the ideal for their height—a situation that the new data seem to show has grown even worse. In other words, despite the growing number of joggers, tennis nuts, weight watchers and organic-food freaks, the struggle against excess flab is not only uphill but getting steeper all the time. ■



Music

A Sensuous, New *Tannhäuser*

Snuggling up to Venus and paying for it

Richard Wagner has not been particularly well served at the Metropolitan Opera in recent seasons. One reason, to give the Met the benefit of the doubt, is that neither *Tristan und Isolde* nor the *Ring* cycle makes much sense without Heldensoprano Birgit Nilsson, who has been away from the U.S. for several seasons and gives no sign of returning. Last week the Met considerably shored up its Wagnerian wing with a new production of *Tannhäuser* that was spectacular to behold, breathtaking (with one major exception) to hear and immensely satisfying in the way it made dramatic sense of the churchiness that infuses the work. The performance also emphatically implied that Music Director James Levine, 34, is fast becoming a skilled Wagnerian conductor.

This was the first *Tannhäuser* Levine had ever led and only his second Wagner opera (the other being the Met's *Lohengrin* last year). The current season is only his second as music director, and the verdict about his abilities as a collector and builder of talent is not yet in. But on the podium this young man is clearly an unceasing source of adrenaline for his singers and players. The sensuous darting about of the violins in the Act I bacchanal was all gossamer. The onstage trumplings during the entry march of the minnesingers in Act II were like a close-order drill in their precision. The delicate—and decidedly Mendelssohnian—woodwind passage accompanying Elisabeth's farewell was appropriately ethereal. The chorus, which has many roles in this opera (sirens, pilgrims, knights, ladies), sang like the virtuoso ensemble it is fast becoming under Levine and Chorus Master David Stivender.

Based on Wagner's own adaptation of medieval German legends, *Tannhäuser*



Rysanek and McCracken at the Met

Atoning for his old sins.

opens in the magical mountain home of Venus, where one of the great orgies in opera is taking place. One avid participant is the minstrel Tannhäuser, who is found snuggling up to Venus herself. Tannhäuser, of course, spends the rest of the evening trying to atone for his sins. Of the two versions of the opera that exist today, Levine has wisely chosen the revision Wagner made for the Paris première in 1861. By that time Wagner had written *Tristan* and was a much more sophisticated composer than he had been in 1845. The expanded bacchanal contains vivid writing, all right, but it is gripping stuff. The trimming back of the song competition in Act II—a bore in the original—is Wagner at his most judicious and, from the audience's point of view, kindest.

The production is the work of two Austrians. Stage Director Otto Schenk and Set Designer Günther Schneider-Siemssen. Schenk treated the story simply and with his designer's help has placed it against handsome, mood-filled backdrops. The inside of Venus's home, for example, is a steadily shifting vision of pools, waterfalls, trysting places and writhing bodies. Much of its look is achieved with rear projections on a curved, cyclorama-type screen. The dissolution of Venusberg as Tannhäuser is expelled is both swift and wizardly.

As Tannhäuser, James McCracken was attempting his first leading Wagnerian role, and, alas, not doing an especially good job of it. His dramatic tenor voice is now quite dry, and he seems to spend much of his time groping for the good notes he has left. Leonie Rysanek, the Elisabeth, has a rich, creamy soprano that had a bad curdle in it a few years back. Last week, though, she sang with almost the same luster and accuracy she displayed when she came on the scene 19 years ago. As Venus, Grace Bumbry was enticing, both visually and vocally. Best of all was German Baritone Bernd Weikl, who made his Met debut as Wolfram. He has appeared not only in most of Europe's major opera houses but in German productions of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* and *Marat/Sade*. His theater experience showed in his manifold, compassionate acting style. His voice is as sweet as a lieder singer's and as powerful as a Verdi baritone's, and one hopes to hear more from him.

The new *Tannhäuser* was rapturously received by the Met audience, and during the final curtain calls Maestro Levine came out for a bow, as well he should have. But the stage director, designer and others involved in the production were not so honored—an omission that has become a frequent practice at the Met. Why? If they were once again allowed to greet the audience, especially when a new production is on the order of this *Tannhäuser*, it would be good for the company and good for the audience.

—William Bender

The Year's Best

CLASSICAL. Gershwin: *Porgy and Bess* (RCA, 3 LPs).

The Houston Opera production, a hit on Broadway, is now the best *Porgy* on records. **Beethoven: The Nine Symphonies** (Deutsche Grammophon, 8 LPs). Herbert von Karajan, the Berlin Philharmonic and Beethoven, at their best. **Schubert: Symphony No. 9** (Philips). Bernard Haitink and the Concertgebouw Orchestra produce the finest modern version of this noble epic. **Beethoven: "Waldstein" Sonata; "Eroica" Variations** (RCA). At 28, Emanuel Ax comes of age as a master of the classical style. **Mussorgsky: Boris Godunov** (Angel, 4 LPs). Mussorgsky's original version on records for the first time, lovingly interpreted by Conductor Jerzy Semkow.



POP. Fleetwood Mac: *Rumours* (Warner Bros.). Soft, rocking, love-gone-wrong songs turn out right on a tasteful album that not only earned critical praise but became the bestselling album of the year. **Jimmy Buffett: Changes in Latitude, Changes in Attitudes** (ABC). Countrified Caribbean and laid-back Southern rock blended together like a well-mixed Margarita. **Waylon Jennings: Ol' Waylon** (RCA). Country music's amiably gruff outlaw puts heart into honky-tonk—and *Luckenbach, Texas*, squarely on the map. **The Phil Woods Sextet** (RCA, 2 LPs). A master saxman and his friends hofinger their way through familiar jazz standards and lively originals. **James Taylor: JT** (Columbia). Sweet Baby James shows the old homespun ease and comes up with a *Handy Man* delight.

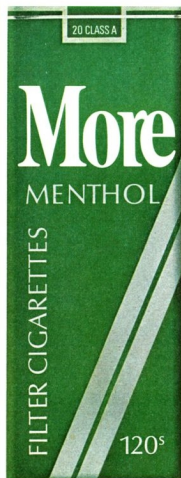
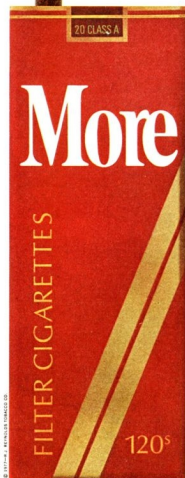
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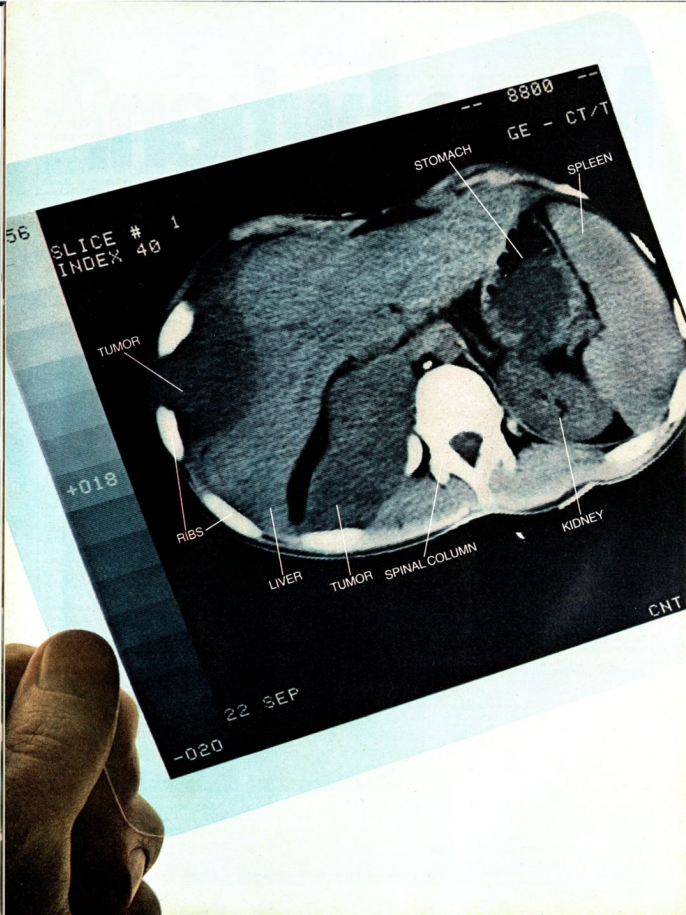
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Theater

Boredom's Brimstone

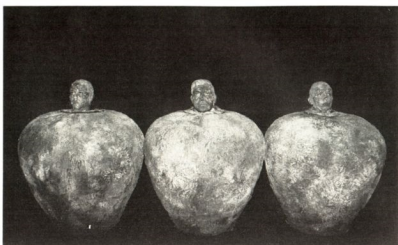
PLAY AND OTHER PLAYS

by Samuel Beckett

The architectural dictum "Less is more" can be applied to plays as well as buildings. A simple structure can be grander than an ornate one, and a few words from a great playwright can say more than volumes from a second-rater. No one has matched principle and practice as closely as Samuel Beckett. Some of his plays, indeed, are so spare that they can scarcely be said to exist: one new work is only 35 seconds long and dispenses with actors altogether, making use only of lights, sets and sounds.

In his best plays, *Waiting for Godot* and *Endgame*, Beckett's economy has the same unadorned force as a bolt of lightning. In his worst, he seems merely to be making bleak jokes, the humor of which is lost on everyone but himself. These three plays, expertly directed by Beckett's chief interpreter, Alan Schneider, at the Manhattan Theater Club, show both sides of the playwright. *Play* ranks just below the best; *That Time* and *Footfalls* settle not far from the bottom.

Play opens on three faces, those of a man and two women, protruding from three giant urns. All speak at once, and none of them knows that the other two are there. Then a spotlight, often the most important actor in a Beckett drama, shines on each in turn, leaving the others in darkness. The spotlight is both narrator and inquisitor, forcing each of the three to tell his or her side of the same sordid



Suzanne Costallos, Donald Davis and Sloane Shelton as the three faces in Beckett's *Play*

A spotlight playing inquisitor, three giant urns and the same sordid story.

did story of betrayed love and adultery. Released from their urns and the grip of the spotlight, the three faces—of husband, wife and mistress—would be re-enacting a domestic triangle in an old-fashioned drawing room.

But they are not let go, and Beckett has placed them in what for him is hell, the brimstone of boredom. The merciless light makes each repeat the lies of life throughout eternity. "Is it that I do not tell the truth?" asks the wife (Sloane Shelton). "Is that it, that some day somehow I may tell the truth at last and then no more light at last, for the truth?" The light does not answer, but Beckett does, and the play is repeated, word for word, a second time and the beginning of a third.

Man is doomed, Beckett seems to be saying, to go on.

That despairing theme recurs in *That Time* and *Footfalls*, but the effect is more numbing than chilling. *That Time* presents only the face of a sleeping man (Donald Davis) and his disembodied voice, coming from three different places as he dreams about the past. In *Footfalls*, a woman (Suzanne Costallos), apparently confined to an institution, shuffles back and forth across the stage, talking to her mother (Sloane Shelton), who cannot be seen. In both cases Beckett's meaning is obscure, and he fails to meet a basic test of drama: the clash of character and idea. Sometimes less is really less.

—Gerald Clarke

The Year's Best

Ashes. Out of the torment of a couple who cannot have the children they so dearly want, British Playwright David Rudkin fashions a drama that is too desolating for tears.

The Shadow Box. A group of terminal patients face death with pervasive fear and arresting dignity in this luminous play by Michael Cristofer. Launched at the Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles and restaged at the Long Wharf Theater in New Haven, this play went on to Broadway to win the Tony Award and the Pulitzer Prize, heartening proof of the growing strength and creativity of the U.S. regional theater.

Otherwise Engaged. With biting wit and wisdom, Playwright Simon Gray has various characters invade the privacy of a man who wants to be left alone.

American Buffalo. A fiendishly curious ear for language and a trio of pungent and hilarious characters earned David Mamet the New York Drama Critics' Circle Award for Best American Play.

Gemini. Albert Innaurato's rollicking ethnic comedy is sa-



vory and Saroyanesque. It is also rich in moments of bitter and abrasive truths that seem, at times, searingly unbearable.

I Love My Wife. A musical spoof of wife swapping. Michael Stewart's book and lyrics and Cy Coleman's music deftly plunge two would-be swinging couples into sex, but they only manage to get their toes wet. As a howlingly funny (k)night errand, Lenny Baker lies in a bed he has not made.

The Gin Game. In this first work by Playwright D.L. Coburn, Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn feint and parry with a sparkling professional finesse polished through decade after decade.

The Night of the Tribades. Swedish Playwright Per Olov Enquist's broodingly impressive drama on the life of Strindberg, in which Max von Sydow made a powerful Broadway debut.

Dracula. This beautifully mounted show shivers the funny bones. As the eerie, spectral count, Frank Langella drinks deep of the Pierian spring of fame.

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Cinema

Exit the Tramp, Smiling

Charles Spencer Chaplin: 1889-1977

Critic Edmund Wilson once rhetorically inquired: "Have we ever turned out anything that was comparable artistically to the best German or Russian films?" Few disagreed with his answer: "I can think of nothing except Charlie Chaplin, who is his own producer and produces simply himself."

To the last, Chaplin, who died at 88 on Christmas Day at his home in Vevey, Switzerland, produced simply himself. But that self was not so simple. It was first introduced to America as a vaudeville clown in 1910, and the country did not respond warmly. Charlie's comic flare failed to ignite enthusiasm until the epochal one-reeler in which he tried on Fatty Arbuckle's pants and Chester Conklin's jacket. In that moment The Tramp was born, and with him a long parabola of triumph and humiliation. The arc described a career bred of deprivation and encompassing nearly every cinematic skill, from producing and directing to the writing of scenarios and scores, gags and tragedies.

Charles Spencer Chaplin had risen from the darkest of London slums. His father was an alcoholic; his mother sewed blouses for 1½ pence each. Charlie's great character was a memory of that Dickensian experience, a waif in the tradition of Oliver Twist and David Copperfield. Comedy derives from the Greek *kómos*, a dance. And indeed, as The Tramp capered about with his unique sleight of foot, he created a choreography of the human condition. In classics like *Modern Times*, *The Gold Rush*, *The Great Dictator*, objects spoke out as never before: bread rolls became ballet slippers, a boot was transformed into a feast, a torn newspaper enjoyed a new career as a lace tablecloth. Such lyric moments lifted Chaplin to pantheon status. He became the friend of kings and critics. Einstein sought him out; Churchill praised him. George Bernard Shaw called him "the one genius created by the cinema." Millionaires welcomed Charlie into their homes and their ranks.

Let a man rise in show business, even to so stratospheric a level as The Tramp's, and there comes an evening of the Long Knives. For Chaplin, night came early and stayed late. He became embroiled in a series of affairs. He married and di-

voiced two teen-agers and earned a reputation as Hollywood's outstanding satyr. His dalliances shocked the nation and nearly ruined his career. But Chaplin always managed to rescue himself with new apologies and fresh performances.

In 1940 he was attacked by right-wingers for his satire of Adolf Hitler and Benito Mussolini in *The Great Dictator*. Again he was rescued, this time by history. But after the war he could no

was 54 and she was 18, learned that he would be detained if they reentered the U.S. His new film, *Limelight*, was boycotted on the West Coast; the *Saturday Evening Post* announced that Charlie was a "pink Pierrot."

Injured in soul and pocketbook, Chaplin tried to fling a cinematic custard pie from his base in England. *A King in New York* was a gross satire on America's obsession with political loyalty as well as the star's only humorless film. By the time of Chaplin's benign, name-dropping autobiography in 1964, much of the anger and pain had subsided. But so had much of the inspiration.

Charlie Chaplin retired quietly to

Switzerland, surrounded by his wife and their eight children, awaiting signs of non-belligerency from old enemies. They came at last in 1972, when the cold war was mere scraps of snow, when Hollywood was able to recall that the "disloyal" clown had paid millions in American taxes, helped to found United Artists, and provided the aesthetic foundation for every film comedian since 1920. The evidence was an Academy Award for "the incalculable effect he has had in making motion pictures the art form of this century."

The lionizing had just begun. The once wiry actor had become a fleshy, white-haired grandfather, but his films, shown in festivals around the world, retained their perpetual youth and comic energy. In recognition of their undiminished ability to entertain, Queen Elizabeth II bestowed knighthood on Chaplin in 1975. Afterward, Sir Charles commented, "Life is a marvelous, a wonderful thing, but as you get on, you always think of moments past—and you always think of death."

But in a sense, Chaplin had always thought of the past: it was the poignancy of his childhood that furnished the comedies with their melancholy undertow. And

he had always thought about death: his on-screen romances and adventures were forever guttering in a gothic twilight. Yet it is not the end of things that obsessed the producer-director-actor-writer-composer Charlie Chaplin, but their beginning. The classic fadeout of the great Chaplin films still stays longest in the mind's screen: the crumpled harlequin, twitching his little shoulders, setting his head forward and skipping hopefully off on the unimproved road to Better Times. Chaplin may have thought a great deal about death, but he will be remembered longest for his jaunty, indomitable celebration of life.

—Stefan Kanfer



Charlie the wistful tramp shivers in *The Gold Rush* (1925)

A long parabola of triumph and humiliation.

longer be saved from his enemies. In the palmy days, a Hollywood story made the rounds. Actor: "How should I play this scene, Mr. Chaplin?" The reply: "Behind me and to the left." It was more than a critique of the star's egomania; it was also a comment on his politics. Chaplin had, in fact, become a backer of Soviet-American friendship meetings—provided, of course, that he could fellow-travel in first class. That, plus his continual womanizing, was enough to earn him *ad hominem* attacks in the Congress. In 1952 Chaplin and his fourth wife, Oona—the daughter of Eugene O'Neill—whom he had married in 1943 when he



Mineworkers confronting police in demonstration demanding big wage increase when their contract expires in March

Economy & Business

Time to Be Bullish on Britain?

North Sea revenues could pull the economy through—if...

When it comes to money, Britain's problem for years has been where and how to borrow enough to keep its rickety economy going. Now the British government faces exactly the opposite question: how best to spend the \$40 billion or so that will flow into the national treasury in the next seven years. That is obviously a happy problem, but a problem nonetheless: while a right decision offers Britain the chance at last to break decisively out of the cycle of ravaging inflation and high unemployment in which it has been trapped, a wrong choice could keep that cycle going.

The source of the bonanza is North Sea oil. By the end of 1977, taxes and royalties on it will have brought the government a trifling \$9.5 million. But during 1978 and 1979, the government's take will multiply a thousand times, and by the mid-1980s Whitehall's share will be running at \$6.7 billion a year.

The money is beginning to roll in at just the right time; after three nightmarish years, Britain is finally getting its economy in order. Much of the credit goes to the International Monetary Fund, which a year ago made available \$3.9 billion in loan money to Britain in return for a severe austerity program. The IMF loan prevented a collapse of sterling. A long period of voluntary wage restraint, accepted by Britain's powerful trade unions at the Labor government's prompting, has reduced inflation from a Latin American annual rate of almost 27% in August 1975 to a still high 13% now.

The decline of inflation has given a welcome boost to British exports, which during 1977 significantly increased their



Drilling platform in rolling North Sea

For a change, a happy problem.

share of the world market. As exports have risen and the pound has steadied, foreign capital has once again begun to flow into Britain, converting a 1976 balance-of-payments deficit of \$6.9 billion into a surplus of \$10.3 billion in the first nine months of 1977 (including both current transactions and capital movements).

Freed from worries about the pound and payments deficits, the government can now turn to correcting the long-term economic neglect that has made Britain the industrial world's basket case. Since November, the Labor Cabinet has been debating five main options for using the North Sea revenues: 1) accelerate repayment of the country's \$24 billion in accumulated long-term foreign debts (an unlikely choice), 2) develop alternative sources of energy against the day when North Sea oil runs out, 3) expand public services in order to reduce unemployment, which last month declined only slightly from its autumn-long postwar record level, to 6% of the labor force, 4) increase investment in modernizing Britain's woefully outdated plant and equipment, 5) cut taxes. The decision, which will not be made until Parliament debates the issue in the next few months, undoubtedly will be some combination of several of these alternatives.

Right now the Callaghan government is leaning toward putting most emphasis on tax cuts. One obvious reason is to improve the Labor Party's chances of winning the general election that the government seems likely to call for next autumn. But there are economic arguments for a tax cut too. Current income tax rates, which begin at 34% for individuals with

taxable income in excess of \$1,796 a year and escalate to 83% on income over \$38,000 annually, stifle incentive and initiative. A tax cut also would increase consumer demand, in theory prompting industry to increase production and hire more workers.

Moreover, if properly presented to the unions as a reward for continued wage restraint, a tax cut could hold off the threat of another pay explosion. That inflationary threat is very real; last summer the unions tore up their "social contract" with the government and insisted on a return to free collective bargaining. Since then, they have won wage boosts exceeding the government's 10% guideline from some private employers—12% from Ford of Britain, for example. The government has been holding the line on wages for its own employees—who, counting those in nationalized industries, total 7.3 million or 30% of all British workers—but it is under increasing pressure to raise pay levels. Britain's 32,000 firefighters have been on strike since November for a 30% boost, and the 260,000 members of the militant National Union of Mineworkers, who work for the National Coal Board, are demanding pay raises as high as 90% when their contract expires in March.

A tax cut holds some inflationary dangers of its own. Britain has the lowest productivity and most antiquated industrial plant and equipment of any major European state. A tax cut could well make British consumers demand more goods and services than the country can produce, leading to a rash of domestic price increases and sucking in imports at an inflationary clip.

Callaghan's left-wing Energy Secretary, Anthony Wedgwood Benn, proposes instead to use North Sea revenues to raise the budget of the National Enterprise Board to \$1.9 billion a year, more than triple the present figure. The N.E.B. makes loans and grants to industries strapped for investment capital. Benn's scheme is opposed by Labor moderates and the Confederation of British Industry; both see it as promoting further government intrusion in private industry. Yet some way must be found to channel oil revenues toward the modernization of industry if Britain is to meet consumer demand and remain competitive in world markets.

Adding up the pluses and minuses, Chase Manhattan Bank's chief European economist, Geoffrey Maynard, asserts: "The outlook for Britain is better than at any time in the postwar years." He could be right—if the government finds the proper combination of tax cuts and investments in modernization. On the other hand, overly generous tax cuts, a niggardly attitude toward investment and a government cave-in to union wage demands could accelerate inflation again and continue industrial stagnation. North Sea oil does give Britain the chance to start the long climb to price stability and high employment—but it would be all too easy for the nation to blow that chance. ■

Steel Seeks More Money, Quick

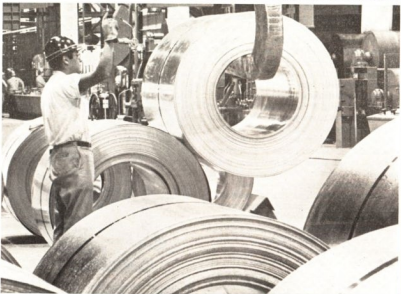
But price boosts could help imports

No industry has suffered more from weak domestic markets and buzz-saw foreign competition this year than steel. Nonetheless, steel mills last week announced price increases that clustered around 5.5% to take effect early in 1978. The increases come just when the Carter Administration is putting the finishing touches on a plan to offer financial aid to the ailing industry and sharply reduce the flow of cut-price foreign steel into the U.S. But the Administration reacted to the price boosts mildly, indicating that American mills will not be battered by the presidential jawbone—yet.

The boosts began with an announcement from Wheeling-Pittsburgh Steel

but a COWPS official later said of the Bethlehem-Inland hikes. "With inflation running around 6%, nobody is terribly concerned about a 5.5% increase—if that's to be the only increase for 1978. If it's not, there's reason for real concern." Should the Administration stick to that line, the steelmen may yet get into a fight with Washington. Industry officials do not say out loud that they probably will raise prices again later in 1978, but their private comments point that way. They claim that the current increases only partly catch up with cost rises already incurred.

There is some question whether even these increases serve the industry's own



Coils of galvanized sheet being removed from storage at Bethlehem's Lackawanna plant

No presidential jawboning yet, but possibly a \$40-a-ton advantage for foreigners.

Corp., the industry's ninth largest producer, that it would lift the price of sheet steel used in cars and other consumer goods by 7% on Jan. 3. Bethlehem Steel, the second largest producer, followed with an announcement that it would raise prices on most of its products by an average of 5.5% effective Feb. 1 for sheet goods, March 1 for structural steel. By week's end Inland Steel, U.S. Steel and other companies had fallen in line behind Bethlehem and Wheeling said it would shave down its 7% rise.

The steelmen's case for higher prices is simple: they need more money, and quickly. Steel profits have slumped deeply this year; Bethlehem in the third quarter reported a record loss of \$477 million. The announced price rises found a generally sympathetic ear in Washington. Barry Bosworth, director of the Council on Wage and Price Stability, termed Wheeling's 7% increase "awfully big."

best interests. The Administration is now engaged in setting "reference" (minimum) prices for imported steel, which has captured 20% of the American market in recent months. Any foreign metal sold below the reference prices would automatically be subject to a heavy tariff. The reference prices probably will be pegged to the cost of producing and transporting Japanese steel. The aim is to stop foreign "dumping" of steel (that is, selling of imported metal below cost) and to bring import prices close to the U.S. price level. But by some estimates the increases announced last week would raise American prices by as much as \$40 a ton above the reference prices for imports—which ironically are supposed to be enforced starting Feb. 1, the very day that the first Bethlehem-Inland hikes take effect. That could well enable foreign mills to hold on to a big slice of the U.S. business. ■

Economy & Business

Advertising: the Best One-Liners

Soft sell makes hard cash

The talk of the town in Manhattan's back-stabbing, gossip advertising business is the extraordinary success of Peter Rogers, 43, who has built a booming business grossing \$10 million by breaking almost all the rules of the game. He has never solicited an account, yet the roster of clients he represents—including Bulgari, the famous jewelers, Danskin's nylon tights, and Fashion Designer Pauline Trigère—has grown from ten to 32 in the past two years.

Rogers avoids Madison Avenue's incestuous inner circles like the plague because "most people turn out anything to make a buck." He has dared to fire big accounts like glamorous Gucci (because the Italian company wanted its luggage photographed in a certain style). He despises hard-sell advertising of the Charmin TV variety, and has no intention of growing just for growth's sake ("Anybody who says you have to branch into other fields is a dope"). All this he has accomplished with a lean, highly paid staff of just ten people. In short, Rogers is proving that the "boutique" ad agency, which flourished mightily in the 1960s but has since been disappearing under cost pressures, can still maintain a place.

Rogers specializes in memorable headlines. Word of mouth recently enticed Vidal Sassoon, Inc., the Los Angeles-based hairstyling and hair-care products business, to hire Rogers a \$4 million account if he could come up with a snappy head. Rogers' creation: "If you

don't look good, we don't look good." Some of Rogers' other sparkling one-liners include "It's got to be a Maximilian" for Maximilian furs; "When your own initials are enough" for Bottega Veneta, the leather goods company; "You never had it so good for so little" (Gloria Vanderbilt \$26 blouses); "There's a little Blanche in every woman" for Blanche lingerie.

Rogers agency ads for Blackglama mink coats picture celebrities such as Lillian Hellman, Shirley MacLaine, Brigitte Bardot, Beverly Sills and Lena Horne in curious poses, always unidentified, wearing the \$7,000 garment, under the head: "What becomes a legend most?" This emphasis on mystery and glamour is characteristic of the agency's work. And the style pays off. Blackglama sells eight of every ten mink coats marketed in the U.S.

Rogers, who was born in Hattiesburg, Miss., began as a \$40-a-week runner, handling practically every job before he became art director at the Trahey Advertising Agency. He bought the Trahey firm in 1974, renamed it Peter Rogers Associates, and has since increased billings by 300%. But he intends to stay small. Says he: "We make just as much money, and still have control over the work."

There's a little Blanche in every woman



What becomes a Legend most?



Blackglama

Peter Rogers and two of the ads that have made him the talk of a back-stabbing business
Proving that a "boutique" agency can succeed by breaking nearly all of the rules.



End of the Great Engine Flap

\$200 for each "Chevy mobile" owner

When Chicagoan Joseph Siwek asked his mechanic to do some work on his new 1977 Oldsmobile last winter, he was angered to discover that the engine under the hood was not an Olds Rocket V-8 but a less expensive Chevrolet power plant. The discovery led to a revelation that GM had put Chevy engines not only into Oldsmobiles, but into some 1977 Buicks and Pontiacs as well; GM became the target of about 250 state and private lawsuits. Last week, after months of legal maneuvering, the company reached a settlement with 44 state attorneys general, who had been suing on behalf of all "Chevy mobile" buyers in their states, that should end the great engine flap.

GM will offer about 75,000 Chevy-mobile owners living in the 44 states \$200 in cash each, or about \$120 more than the estimated difference in value between Chevy and other engines. The company will also give each car owner a transferable three-year or 36,000-mile warranty. The legal officers of California, Iowa, Kentucky, Louisiana and Tennessee refused to accept the settlement, presumably because they still hope to collect fines and get more for car owners in their states by pressing their suits. It is quite likely, however, that the U.S. district court in Chicago will both approve the settlement and rule that it should be applied to all 93,000 car buyers across the country who got Chevrolet engines in other GM cars. In that event, the cost to GM would be about \$40 million—one of the largest awards ever, if not the largest, in a consumer-protection case.

GM still insists that it did nothing wrong: if a car buyer paid for a 350-cu.-in., 170-h.p. engine, that is exactly what he got—though some owners, like Siwek, experienced delays getting their cars repaired because parts for Oldsmobile, Pontiac and Buick engines did not always fit the Chevy motors. The \$40 million will hardly be a severe financial penalty to GM, which has earned as much as \$1 billion profit in a single quarter.

The case may have a lasting effect in showing the power of a coalition of state legal officers. Illinois Attorney General William Scott, who started the whole affair by investigating Siwek's complaint, notes that this is the first time so many state attorneys general have banded together to fight a case on behalf of consumers against a giant national company. Says Scott: "We really formed a national public service law firm that could prove effective again in the future" if another company gives grounds for reactivating the coalition.

Energy



Saudi Oil Minister Yamani shows his pleasure after decision to freeze prices

OPEC: No Boost till June—If Then

World oil surplus and Saudis keep the lid on

Before leaving on his private jet for last week's price-setting meeting of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries in Venezuela, Saudi Arabian Oil Minister Ahmed Zaki Yamani picked up his Arab worry beads to take them along. He could have left them at home. During the two-day session at the beach resort of Caraballeda outside Caracas, Yamani gave his fellow oil ministers a tough display of Saudi Arabian power in oil politics. Arguing that the international economy is too weak and world oil supplies too high to support an increase over the current \$12.70 per bbl. price, Yamani pushed OPEC in effect to accept a freeze for at least the first half of 1978.

The 13 OPEC ministers met in the atmosphere of an armed camp. Fearful of another foray by Carlos, the Venezuelan-born terrorist who two years ago led the kidnapping of the same oil ministers in Vienna, the Venezuelan government set armored personnel carriers to guard roads leading to the conference, while soldiers toting Uzi machine guns patrolled the black sandy beaches. Even aging patrol boats were brought out to cruise the warm Caribbean waters in case Carlos tried an amphibious assault.

Carlos never showed, and the real

specter hanging over the meeting was the growing worldwide glut of oil. During recent months the world has been awash with excess production of some 2 million bbl. per day, and Western oil stocks are currently 25% above pre-1973 embargo levels. Producers like Libya and Algeria, even while arguing for an official price hike, have been shaving their market prices by 40¢ or more per barrel.

The oversupply has been caused primarily by the arrival of oil on the market from new North Sea, Alaskan and Mexican wells. Those three areas are now producing an estimated 2 million bbl. per day—precisely the amount of the current surplus. Oil Minister Mani Said Utaiba of the United Arab Emirates admitted at the conference: "We can't talk about increasing prices because there are too many barrels of oil every day in the market. If we increase the price, we won't be able to sell our oil."

Nonetheless, prior to last week's meeting the 13 OPEC countries were badly split over the level of next year's price. Libya, Algeria and Iraq demanded increases of up to 23%. Libya muttered about raising prices unilaterally or walking out of the meeting. Nigeria, Indonesia and Venezuela, badly in need of more

oil income to pay for instant industrialization projects, were making weak requests for an increase of 5% or so. They argued that a boost was needed to make up for worldwide inflation and the dropping value of the dollar, which has cost them 20¢ per bbl. this year.

But Saudi Arabia, which pumps some one-third of all OPEC oil, alone carries the clout to turn production on or off in sufficient quantities to dictate prices. The lesson of last year's split in OPEC ranks, when eleven countries pushed prices higher than Saudi Arabia wanted and then had to pull back after the Saudis increased production and sales, has been learned. During elaborate dances in the shadows over the past seven weeks, several key oil producers, particularly Iran, which had previously been a hawk for higher prices, agreed to follow Yamani.

By the time the ministers' jets landed in Caracas, the freeze of early '78 was virtually set. In his speech to the opening conference, Venezuelan President Carlos Andrés Pérez made a last desperate attempt to obtain a small increase. He offered a quixotic proposal "for the good of humanity": prices would be increased 5% to 8%, but OPEC's additional profits for one year would be channeled to developing countries that have no oil to help them pay off their \$180 billion foreign debt. During a series of bilateral meetings with the ministers the first day of the conference, Pérez tried to twist arms. Sheik Yamani even pulled out his worry beads during his talk with Pérez.

But Yamani and other ministers politely dismissed Pérez's move. To show his displeasure, Yamani that night even developed a diplomatic illness that enabled him to skip the seven-course, two-wine extravaganza offered by Pérez. Then, during a long session in the hotel suite of the Venezuelan oil minister after dinner, the 13 OPEC ministers agreed that there would be no increase at least until their next meeting in June. (Officially they failed to make a price decision, but that has the same effect as voting a freeze.) Saudi Arabia is expected to continue pushing for a price freeze through all of 1978.

As welcome as even a temporary halt to oil price hikes will be for Western economies still staggering from past increases, OPEC's decision offers only a respite at best. After last week's meeting, Yamani said that Saudi Arabia would cut back production until the oil surplus disappeared and intimated that OPEC would then, presumably in 1979, start sending prices higher again. Even the new production in the North Sea, Alaska and Mexico, moreover, will not be enough in the long run to break OPEC's corner on world oil supplies. All the oil found so far in Alaska, for example, would provide only two years' worth of current American consumption. ■

Education

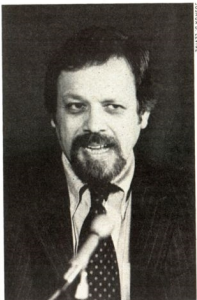
The Humanist

Yale reaches for an Old Blue

"Smart move," said a faculty member. "Instead of importing some managerial type, they got a humanist to soften the blow." The humanist in question is A. (for Angelo) Bartlett Giamatti, 39, a Yale professor of Renaissance literature, who last week was named 19th president of the university after a nine-month search almost as much talked about as David O. Selznick's pursuit of the perfect Scarlett O'Hara. The blow that he will have to soften is a painful but inevitable cutback on spending.

Saddled with a cumulative \$16 million deficit, Giamatti will have to find ways to preserve Yale's excellence with a smaller exchequer. The new president's mandate, described somewhat bizarrely by William Bundy, presidential search committee head, is to redesign Yale into "the Cadillac Seville of education"—still a luxury model, but smaller and presumably somewhat less costly to keep up. He must also restore harmony between faculty and administration, now deep in what Yale Historian Peter Gay claims is a "we and they" cold war, and calm town-gown tensions exacerbated by a blue-collar strike. He must also placate Old Blues disaffected partly by years of unvarnished rejection letters to their children.

Several celebrated administrators from other colleges were therefore leery of the job. Harvard Dean Henry Rosovsky actually refused it. Even Giamatti needed convincing, though he is a Yaleman (Class of '60), son of a Yaleman (Class of '32) and a devoted alumnus. Says he: "I'm going to hate some of the things I'll have



President-designate A. Bartlett Giamatti
Steering education's Cadillac Seville.

to do, and people are going to hate me."

"One of the advantages of having a young president," he has said, "is that he can remember a time when he was a non-tenured faculty member." He enjoys teaching so much that he resigned as master of Yale's Ezra Stiles College because it was cutting into his classroom time. Despite his reputation as a tough grader, his courses in epic poetry and Renaissance literature are favorites among students.

Giamatti questions experiments in unmarked or pass-fail courses that leave the best students unsure of where they

stand. "Students are owed a sense that the faculty knows what is important," he says, which means "setting reasonable demands and holding to them." He wants a more structured curriculum, with more required and fewer optional courses. Long before he gave any thought to being Yale's president, he was in favor of curtailing many of the new seminars taught by outside "experts," including one on the role of sports in contemporary American society given by Howard Cosell.

In marked physical contrast to Kingman Brewster, his elegant and patrician predecessor, Giamatti is a chubby, shortish man, much given to wearing rumpled slacks and sports jackets topped on occasion by a Boston Red Sox cap. He is a baseball nut who recently explained that he never wanted to be president of anything except the American League.

Though his name will do him no harm in ethnic New Haven, the new president's background is not exactly working-class immigrant. He grew up in South Hadley, Mass., discussing Dante at the dinner table with his father, a professor of Italian at Mount Holyoke, and reached Yale via Phillips Academy in Andover. He also accepted a tap from Scroll and Key, one of Yale's secret societies. Kingman Brewster turned down Skull and Bones a generation earlier on grounds that it would be elitist to accept.

Giamatti will have some time before his formal installation to work alongside Acting President Hanna Gray, who does not leave for her new job as the University of Chicago's president until next June. "I really love this place, even if it's gushy to say that these days," says Giamatti. "But I'm absolutely convinced of the difficulties that lie ahead." ■

Milestones

DIED. General Juan Velasco Alvarado, 67, former left-leaning military president of Peru; in Lima. Velasco seized power in a 1968 coup and nationalized U.S. oil and copper firms. His land reform gave millions of acres to peasants, but Velasco's growing dictatorial powers led to his ousting by more moderate officers in 1975.

DIED. Cyril Ritchard, 79, Australian-born actor, singer and director best known for his portrayal of Captain Hook in *Peter Pan*; of a heart attack; in Chicago, where he had been appearing in the musical *Side by Side by Sondheim*. A courtly, mellifluous-voiced *bon vivant*, Ritchard began in 1917 as a chorus boy in Sydney, played everything from Restoration comedy to modern farce in Britain, Australia and on Broadway. "I've seen so much illness and suffering," he once said, "why inflict more? My job is to make people grin a bit and see the joke."

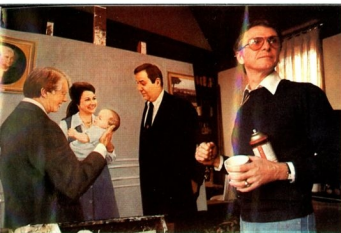
DIED. Marriner S. Eccles, 87, Utah banker and former New Deal brain-truster who headed the Federal Reserve Board for twelve tumultuous years; in Salt Lake City. Though a Republican, Mormon Eccles was one of Franklin Roosevelt's earliest backers, and after being named Fed chairman in 1936, he kept monetary policy in step with New Deal efforts to foster economic recovery and fight World War II through massive deficit spending. Accused of turning the Fed into "an engine of inflation," he subsequently tightened up credit and so vigorously reasserted the board's independence that Harry Truman refused to reappoint him in 1948.

DIED. Sir Charles Chaplin, 88, comic genius; of old age; in Vevey, Switzerland (see CINEMA).

DIED. Louis Untermeyer, 92, prolific anthologist and arbiter of popular taste in Amer-

ican verse; in Newtown, Conn. A captive of what he called "the poetic ictus," Untermeyer dropped out of a family jewelry business to write poems and later became the editor of more than 50 poetry anthologies, which helped establish such writers as Robert Frost and Amy Lowell. As critic, biographer, satirist and lecturer, Untermeyer helped lead the literary revolt against Victorian gentility and later became one of the most energetic public advocates of the art form he called "an effort to express the inexpressible in terms of the unforgettable."

DIED. Nellie Tayloe Ross, 101, the first of five women to serve as Governor of an American state; in Washington, D.C. A quietly feminist Democrat who was elected to a two-year term in the Wyoming statehouse in 1924 after the death of her husband, William Bradford Ross, she later became director of the Mint.



Artist Jennings shows off portrait ordered by brokenhearted LaBelle



Financial Wizard Denis Healey playing in the Land of Oz for the BBC

People

Some Christmas cheer for **Bert Lance**. First, Saudi businessman **Ghalth Pharaon** said he would pay \$20 a share (more than 33% above the going rate) for 120,000 shares of the former Budget Director's stock in the National Bank of Georgia. The \$2.4 million deal should leave a fat profit (a third of a million or so) in Lance's stocking. Then there was a gift from Wife **LaBelle**: a family portrait by Atlanta Artist **Comer Jennings**. LaBelle especially liked how Jennings painted her diamond pendant—the "broken heart," as she calls it, that Bert gave her after he resigned.

A tempest in a c-cup? Definitely, said White House Aide **Hamilton Jordan**. Nothing more, agreed Egyptian officials. Yet the story filled innumerable inches in major U.S. newspapers. As reported by Washington *Post* tattletale **Sally Quinn** in an article on the social scene in the capital, it all happened at a party tossed by **Barbara Walters** for the Israeli and Egyptian ambassadors to the U.S. When Jordan settled down to dinner, according to Quinn, he turned to **Amal Ghorbal**, the Egyptian ambassador's wife, "gazed at [her] ample front, pulled at her elastic bodice and was prompted to say, loudly enough for several others to hear, 'I've always wanted to see the Pyramids.'" Did it really happen? Better ask the Sphinx, because nobody else is talking. Does it really matter? Hamilton's boss doesn't seem to think so. When Quinn's story appeared, **Jimmy Carter's** only complaint was that it took



Pinup perfect Monroe Look-Alike Linda Kerridge doing M.M.'s thing

up far more space than the paper's year-end review of his Administration's record.

A scene from *Some Like It Hot*? *The Seven Year Itch*? Actually, that familiar sultry smile belongs to **Linda Kerridge**, 23, an Australian-born model whose role in an upcoming movie called *Star 8* shows she can give a pretty convincing imitation of **Marilyn Monroe**. In the film, Kerridge works in a Hollywood pleasure house

ody of *The Wizard of Oz*. Decked out in a red cape and his own extravagant eyebrows, Healey plunks *Over the Rainbow* on a piano and hams it up with the denizens of Emerald City. At the end of his appearance, he called for contributions to the IMF—the International Magicians' Fund, that is—and beamed: "You just wave a wand and suddenly find your pockets stuffed with money." Now, if only he could get the British economy to do that trick...

On the Record

Irwin Shaw (*Beggarmen*, *Thief*), after complimenting himself on understanding women: "I'll tell you another writer who was ahead of his time on women. Shakespeare. Look at Rosalind. Portia. His women were key figures. Lady Macbeth was the Bella Abzug of her day."

Michael Manley, Prime Minister of Jamaica, talking about the situation at home during a visit to Washington: "We're going through some very tough times now. Great sacrifices are being made. No more Cadillacs, Mercedes or cornflakes."

Stephen Sondheim (*A Little Night Music*, *Company*) on why he made the decision to become a composer: "Oscar Hammerstein was my teacher from the time I was eleven. He kept urging me to write. I just wanted to be what he was. If he had been a geologist, I would have been a geologist."

Art



Casket of Proiecta, 4th century wedding gift, presents the pagan goddess Aphrodite primping like the Christian bride (below, center)

Between Olympus and Golgotha

Early Christian art reflects struggle of the old gods with the new

One of the great dramas of history was enacted between the 3rd and 7th centuries A.D.: the slow collapse of Rome, the fading of its empire and, with it, the death of the classical world. The age of Christianity was officially brought to term when the Emperor Constantine formally embraced the new faith and in A.D. 324-330 moved the capital of the Roman Empire from Rome to Constantinople. But across the still vast spread of the imperial territories, which ran from the Euphrates to Gibraltar, there was no clean

break with the old religions. For 400 years, the remnants of the pagan gods contended against Christianity and with the various mystery faiths of Egypt and Asia Minor.

The eddies set up by the gradual transference of power from Olympus to Golgotha were reflected in art. Some of the complexity of late classical and early Christian centuries can be sampled in a huge exhibition, which opened last month at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art. "Age of Spirituality," assembled un-



Elegant pendant from 7th century



Regal and forbidding head of St. Theodore in 6th century wool tapestry

The eye of the state found its model in the all-seeing eye of God.

der the direction of Art Historian Kurt Weitzmann, is a magnificent compendium of some 450 works in every medium known to the ancient world—marble carvings, glass, gold, jewelry, silver, paint, cameos, cloth, mosaic, ivory, bronze.

No religion ever started with a full-blown iconography. The earliest Christian work was crude and secretive, a code of graffiti—crosses and fish scratched on walls. To enrich that, to give its visual discourse a dignity to match imperial power, Christian art needed pagan symbolism. Once its early frenzies over idolatry had been resolved, the new religion picked over the bones of antiquity, preserving many of its forms in doctrinal art but swithing their meaning.

The classical figure of the philosopher, Plato or Seneca, among his students was pressed into service as Christ teaching. The gestures of Ciceronian rhetoric lent

authority to the poses of carved apostles; Orpheus with a ram on his shoulders was transformed into Christ the good shepherd. Winged victories became angels. Bacchus turned into the drunken Noah; a late 3rd century carving of Jonah resting under the gourd tree was based on the older Greek image of Endymion asleep. The more refined an early Christian work was, the more subtle it might display its classical affiliations.

Despite such adaptations, as the classical world sank, it took some arts with it. The great casualty was large-scale sculpture in the round. From Constantinople to Italy, there are plenty of low-relief carvings after the 4th century. But not for a thousand years would there be bronze heroes on horseback to match the Marcus Aurelius on the Roman capitol. From Constantine onward, the Christian emperors preferred flat hieratical art, especially mosaics, whose multiplicity of shapes suited a power based on ceremony. The "otherworldliness" of those gold and purple-sheathed Byzantine nobles, glittering in mosaic on the walls of Ravenna and points east, is propaganda; there could have been no better medium than mosaic for impressing on subjects' minds the idea of a continuity between the courts of heaven and those of earth. The rigid bodies and fixed, wide-eyed stares, we now feel, are pure spirit. But, as in the fearsome tapestry of St. Theodore, they were also meant to remind the faithful that Big Brother was watching, that the eye of the state found its model in the all-seeing eye of God. With its Christs enthroned as emperors and its emperors carrying the victorious insignia of the church, the official art of the early Christian empire is a sustained paean to the divine right of kings.

Naturally, secular art was more relaxed. The homosexual content of Greek art is lovingly preserved in a tiny blue glass roundel made in Alexandria in the late 3rd century A.D. Called a portrait of "Gennadios most accomplished in the musical art," and rendered with innumerable scratches of a needle on a sheet of gold leaf, it presents a young man who, from his curly hair, might be a cousin of Leonardo's boyfriend Salai. It is not, of course, the only masterpiece of portraiture in the show. The tradition of the Roman portrait bust was kept and amplified among patrician families. The show is also exceptionally rich in *objets de luxe*, ranging from a golden Aphrodite set on a lapis lazuli shell to *The Casket of Projecta*, a bridal coffer, dug up in Rome late in the 18th century, but made around 375 A.D. to celebrate a marriage of Christian aristocrats. A mélange of Christian symbolism and the still-active images of classicism—Nereids riding on sea serpents, Aphrodite borne up on the half shell by Tritons, and the bride (as in *The Song of Salomon*) primping herself for marriage—it is one of the most dazzling pieces of silver work to survive from the ancient world.

—Robert Hughes

Helping Britain Buy British

With a U.S. assist, the Tate raises enough to save two Stubbs

In the glory days of Empire, English art buyers plundered the riches of Italy, France and Greece. But since World War II, the down-at-heel British lion has been unable to compete with Americans, Japanese, and assorted European collectors in the all too open international art market. As a result they have begun to concentrate on simply hanging onto whatever treasures they already have. They rallied round to raise \$4 million, thus saving a Titian. But another masterpiece—Velázquez's portrait of his assistant

a fine eye for English landscape and deceptively simple pastoral scenes of farmers at work.

Six months ago, it suddenly appeared that two of his very best works, *The Haymakers* and *The Reapers* painted in 1785, were about to be bought away from England. Their owner, Major John Lycett Wills, found that he had to sell off the pair. As recently as 1933 they had brought only £10 apiece; this year their worth was estimated at \$1.8 million. Generously the owner offered them to London's Tate



Tate Director Reid with Stubbs' *The Haymakers*, one of two paintings saved
From £10 apiece to a price of \$1.4 million in the past 40 years.

Juan de Pareja, for example, was snatched from them in 1970 by a \$5.5 million offer from New York's Metropolitan Museum. This Christmas, though, Britons had an art-treasure story with a happy ending that was almost Dickensian.

The unlikely painter in question was George Stubbs. The son of a Liverpool tanner, Stubbs began drawing human bones when he was only eight years old. Later in life he sequestered himself on a Lincolnshire farm with his "niece," lugged the carcasses of horses into his studio, then flayed and dissected them so he could study their anatomy. Local folk complained that Stubbs made the country round smell like a battlefield. But in 1766, when Stubbs finally published his scrupulous horse drawings, they were recognized as masterly. His paintings, however, were admired mainly by horse lovers, many of them titled. Only in the past two decades have modern critics begun to value him highly, because he had

Gallery for a bargain price of \$1.4 million, giving Director Sir Norman Reid till Christmas to raise the money.

After plastering London with handsome SAVE THE STUBBS posters, the Tate managed to collect \$900,000. By November they were still short, when aid came from an unexpected source. Philanthropist Paul Mellon, who recently gave much of his priceless collection of 18th and 19th century British paintings to Yale, had been considered the most likely foreign buyer if the Tate fell short. But Mellon, a self-styled "galloping Anglophile," felt the paintings should stay in England. He contributed four paintings from his private collection, two Vuillards, a Bonnard and a Giacometti, to a benefit auction. They went for about \$90,000, and soon, with more than a little help from the British government, the two Stubbs found themselves safely ensconced in the Tate. British art lovers could breathe easy—for a while at least.

Show Business & Television

Second Strike

Even Obi-Wan is amazed

Will the world never tire of *Star Wars*? Already the highest-grossing picture in U.S. history (\$195 million), the film may very well break European records too. In Paris, where it opened last October, 1 million people went to see the robots, Artoo Detoo and Threepio, at the annual toy show, and kids say goodbye with a wave of the arm and a "*Que la force soit avec toi*." Their parents are standing in line too, and journals have hailed its brave statement of the human spirit.

The film opens in London only this week, but the force is already there. Discotheques have been playing the music for months, and London papers don't look complete these days without a *Star Wars* cartoon, joke or picture. One daily, the *Evening News*, is even running a picture-studded serialization to boost circulation. The two giant theaters where the movie will play have already racked up \$320,000 in advance ticket sales—more than three times the previous record. Said a theater spokesman: "It's easier to get knighted than buy *Star Wars* tickets." "I've been in this business for 45 years, and I've never seen anything like it," says John Fairbairn, the film's publicity director. "It's an eruption."

Even that unflappable knight of the Jedi, Obi-Wan Kenobi—otherwise known as Sir Alec Guinness—is amazed and a little perplexed by the *Star Wars* phenomenon. People who have seen the film in the U.S. are making him a cult figure, he says, and reminding him of his duties as the last of a great line of warriors: "It's a fun movie, but some spooky stuff has crept in. People are taking it too seriously, and I wouldn't encourage that altogether." Adds the Catholic convert: "I'm an alleged Christian, so to that extent, yes, I do believe that something like the force



Alec Guinness as warrior knight in *Star Wars*
"Que la force soit avec toi."

exists. But not as expressed in *Star Wars*."

Actually, Guinness almost turned the picture down when he saw a science-fiction label on it. He read the first few pages, however, and found himself still turning, a sure sign of a good script. Guinness usually takes more complex roles, like the traitorous diplomat he is playing in Alan Bennett's current London hit, *The Old Country*. As Hilary, the high official of the Foreign Office who defects to Russia, Guinness plays a man who loves ironies and verbal puzzles. His own character is hidden, even to himself; "Hilary is Hil-

ary watching Hilary watching Hilary," says his wife. Guinness delights in the role's subtleties, however, and his performance is brilliant throughout.

The part of Obi-Wan had no such psychological depth, he notes, but he enjoyed it nonetheless. "It had a touch of Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings*," he says. "It was a rather simple outline of a good man who had some magical powers. I tried to make him uncomplicated. I'm cunning enough now to know that to be simple carries a lot of weight."

There is one gesture of Obi-Wan's, however, that he still regrets. When the planet Alderaan blows up, Obi-Wan reels backward and clutches his forehead, an unpardonable cliché in Guinness's opinion. "I still go hot and cold when I think of that scene," he confesses. During those awkward moments, he has at least one consolation: his 2½% of the film's profits.

Here's Johnny

And there's \$13,123 an hour

Inflation is a cruel thing. Gucci is now charging \$110 for a pair of loafers, and you can't get a hamburger at "21" for less than \$10. A Rolls-Royce? Don't ask. So what's a fella gonna do at Christmas time but ask Santa for a raise? Which brings us to Johnny Carson, who has been putting along on only \$1.5 million a year. Last week jolly old NBC raised its No. 1 star a cool \$1 million, to \$2.5 million per.

To sweeten the deal even further, NBC also reduced Carson's work load. Johnny, a pioneer of the four-day week, now does his late-night talk show 38 weeks a year. In the future, said NBC, he will have to work only three days a week for 25 weeks and four days for 13 weeks. If you want to divide that with the calculator you got for Christmas, you will come up with Johnny's hourly salary—\$13,123. There's more than one way to beat inflation, eh, Arthur Burns?

Ten Most

Most Promising New Actor: Artoo Detoo, the heroic little robot of *Star Wars*.

Sourest Grapes: From executives at CBS and NBC who accused top-ranking ABC of running junk—then launched a desperate search for the same kind of junk.

Sourest Big Apple (and Biggest Bomb): Martin Scorsese's *New York, New York*.

Best Look at an Old Face: Jason Robards' portrayal of a vile President, Richard Monckton, a dead ringer for Richard Nixon, in ABC's *Washington: Behind Closed Doors*.

Best Argument for Divorce: PBS's pretentious series about



three New York clans, *The Best of Families*.

Television's Biggest Sleeper: ABC's *Roots*, the eight-part saga of the black in America and the most successful show in history.

Greatest Cause of Woe and Wailing: The demise of *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* after seven enchanting years.

Best Remembered: Bing Crosby, Groucho Marx, Elvis Presley.

Most Provocative New Pinup: Suzanne Somers of ABC's *Three's Company*, who proves that gentlemen still prefer blondes, preferably dumb.

Funniest Scene from a Movie: Richard Dreyfuss in *The Goodbye Girl*, playing Richard III as a queen who would be king.

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Week of January 2

Paul Taylor Dance Company
"Esplanade," with music by Bach
"Runes," a Druid-inspired dance

Week of January 9

American Ballet Theatre
Eugene Loring's "Billy the Kid"
Frederick Ashton's
"Les Patineurs"

Week of January 16

**Merce Cunningham and
Dance Company**
Nine selections, including
"Minutiae" and "Rainforest"

The variety of Dance in America continues into the New Year with Paul Taylor's exhilarating "Esplanade" followed by his mysterious "Runes."

Next, the American Ballet Theatre gives us the raw energy of "Billy the Kid" and then contrasts it with the easy elegance of "Les Patineurs."

Finally, Merce Cunningham presents nine selections from his company's repertoire with music by John Cage and David Tudor and scenery by Andy Warhol and other artists.

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Books

Celebrity and Its Discontents

TRANSATLANTIC BLUES by Wilfrid Sheed. Dutton; 312 pages; \$9.95

Americans have been grouped and groped, had their consciousnesses raised and their drawers lowered until it would seem there are no secrets left. There is one: the slippery, quietly gnawing matter of class. For those who have gone a long way on a knack and raw nerve, there are always night thoughts of doubt: "Are my credentials adequate?" "Is my background acceptable?"

This is an old story in England, where society's lines, though wavering, are still anchored at both ends. Class-consciousness in the U.S. is considerably more baffling. Part of the reason is that Americans, particularly those of the college-educated middle class, are likely to see themselves in terms of popular psychological abstractions rather than as products of specific educational, religious and vocational realities. Psychology is, after all, more democratic: even an Ivy League Episcopal banker can have an Oedipus complex.

Television situation comedy does a pretty good job of airing and disarming class anxieties. Most modern American fiction, on the other hand, remains generally psychological. In contrast, British novels still draw their deepest breaths from society and manners. Wilfrid Sheed, a wily English-born Catholic intellectual, can work both sides of the North Atlantic. Sheed's sharp, entertaining essays and reviews have earned him a reputation as one of America's best literary journalists; he is also a judge for the Book-of-the-Month Club. His previous novels, which include *A Middle Class Education*, *Max Jamison* and *People Will Always Be Kind*, have gained him entry into that literary purgatory where the praise is high but the royalties low.

Transatlantic Blues is about a differ-



Novelist-Critic Wilfrid Sheed with panoramic views of London and New York City

An Anglo-American Alexander Portnoy; a David Frost contemplating a bust of Emmy.

ent purgatory: that clammy conscience-ridden cell between worldly success and a proud otherworldly tradition. Stylistically, the novel is the nonstop confession of Monty (né Pendrid) Chatworth, a British-born American TV interviewer. He is

something of an Anglo-American Alexander Portnoy, but with a crucial difference. Portnoy, draped over a psychiatrist's couch, complained that his lust was repugnant to his stern Hebraic morality and that his morality was repugnant to his sexual nature. Chatworth, slumped in his seat high above the Atlantic, confesses to his tape recorder ("Father Sony") that his English sense of proportion and Catholic asceticism are at loggerheads with his outlandish success. Chatworth vacillates between such statements as "Conquer America—God what a shoddy ambition," and, like David Frost contemplating a bust of Emmy, "This is the country I want to impress, not the other one, and its approval is now pouring out of the slot like gold."

A 747 is Chatworth's sanatorium ("For the busy man who doesn't have time for a midlife crisis"), where he can indulge himself as "a born-again atheist," a man torn between two continents, who should be buried in the Azores under a cruciform credit card. He sees himself as a fraud, "TV's Amazing Thinking Man

Excerpt

"I had been backed onto the stage unknowing, while the crowd roared. The obvious solution to this was the BBC, which sucks talent like bits of fluff into that big white building, where it's safe forever. But I had my tattered pride. In fact, my whole array of virtues was intact; only the man behind them was missing. I didn't really give a damn anymore whether I was English or American, but the U.S. was still the prairie of record, the place where the garbled soul of Chatworth could re-create itself. Or failing that, become famous.

Because, let's face it, an Englishman in America was more impressive in those days than his clockwork counterpart. Before the cattle boats began disgorging secretaries, English voices were unheard between New York and the Gold Coast, and I had the best. So the old ladies who used to gush over my cute accent would now be made to pay through the nose for it. Young Chatworth gave a bitter laugh as he remembered how he used to flinch and try to hide that accent. Pah! Does the bearded lady shave? Does Tom Thumb lie about his height? Use it, boy. Sell anything you've got."

Books

who speaks in little bite-sized paragraphs ... cursed with a special sound, which disappears in a twinkling if he listens to other people too long."

Chatworth's adventures in cultural schizophrenia start when he is nine. As World War II begins, his family moves to the U.S., where he enrolls in a New Jersey boarding school. Robbed of sharing England's finest hour, young Pendrid must suffer a blitzing from unruly students who find his accent and manners fruity. His charades of Churchillian courage only complicate his humiliations. Back in post-war England, Chatworth once again finds himself a foreigner. There he plays the American with painful results. But in the U.S., Chatworth has tasted freedom from his crusty English Catholic past.

The fact is that Chatworth's American schooling has left him rather ignorant. He must attend a "crammers," a seedy institution where a man named Jenkins teaches techniques for passing exams. Henceforth, Chatworth is prepared to "Jenkins" his way through life. Everywhere but at Oxford, where, he discovers, "you can't exactly Jenkins Oxford, because Oxford invented Jenkins. The whole system is a web of shortcuts so intricate they constitute an education."

Transatlantic Blues bubbles with such amiably jaded wit—on the modern church, the absurdities of "making it," celebrities as praise junkies, fake humility as an asset, indeed turning anything into an asset. Chatworth even considers publishing his confessional tape to "launch that new career as Mr. Honesty." The novel is a promising departure for Sheed too. It is much looser and more vigorously humorous than his previous fiction. As a parody of personality packaging and what happens when the package is unbundled, Chatworth may be, as the author says, "desolately cute." But his confusions raise an unsettling question: Did he sell out, or buy in?

—R.Z. Sheppard



Engraving of ocean-exploring vessel, 1470

Into the Deep

THE RAND McNALLY ATLAS OF THE OCEANS

Rand McNally; 208 pages; \$29.95

Not even the most ardent oceanographer is likely to devote whole weeks to this huge tome on the wet 75% of the earth's surface. But anyone who is interested in the ocean—from Jacques Cousteau to the vacationing urbanite curious about the formation of a beach—should enjoy diving beneath the covers of the *Rand McNally Atlas of the Oceans* and coming back for regular plunges thereafter. Like a galleon full of gold, the *Atlas* overflows with treasures, details of life in, under and around the edges of the vast roiling arenas where earthly life evolved.

Painstakingly researched, the book is

the product of 35 contributing authors whose specialties run from marine biology to meteorology, and whose affiliations include such prestigious organizations as the Scripps Institution of Oceanography, the British Museum and a London-based group of scuba divers. Profusely illustrated with color photographs and specially prepared maps and charts, the book is also a visual delight. But the best feature of this large-format look at aqueous zones is its arrangement. Starting with the origin of the oceans some 4 billion years ago, it moves on through the formation and movement of the continents and proceeds to a discussion of the composition of the seas today. In the course of the trip it discusses, briefly but lucidly, explorations from the time of Columbus and Magellan to the new undersea explorations of the Piccards. It looks closely at the myriad life forms that inhabit the oceans, and the resources—oil, minerals, precious metals—that lie beneath the surface.

Throughout, the *Atlas* scatters information like drops of sea spray, showing how waves are formed, how the oceans help make the world's weather, how pollution is gradually depleting valuable fisheries and destroying salt marshes where sea birds breed. Its last important section is a series on the world's major ocean areas, tracking origins of the warm Mediterranean Sea and the frigid Arctic Ocean, assaying values of flora, fauna and inanimate components of the marine world, outlining what must be done to preserve and protect them.

Educational rather than entertaining, the *Atlas of the Oceans* is a serious and sometimes terrifying book. But it makes its main point without polemics. Readers who spend more than a few minutes looking at this oversize atlas can feel the salt tides in their own blood and recognize the power—and fragility—of the final wilderness.

—Peter Stoler

The Year's Best

FICTION Daniel Martin by John Fowles. With little of the narrative trickery that embellished *The Magus*, the author sends a Hollywood screenwriter on an engrossing psychological pilgrimage that undermines contemporary modish despair. *Falconer* by John Cheever. The loneliness of prison and memories is the theme of this deeply emotional novel. *The Honourable Schoolboy* by John le Carré. The further adventures of George Smiley, Britain's unlikely spyspy, as well as a pitiless dissection of contemporary moral dilemmas. *The Professor of Desire* by Philip Roth. In presenting yet another of his Jewish intellectual heroes wrestling with sex and guilt, Roth enhances his reputation as one of the most consistently readable authors now at work. *Song of Solomon* by Toni Morrison. In her third and best novel, the author weaves a complex fable of power and magic to portray a young black man's reconciliation with his past.



NONFICTION *Chinese Shadows* by Simon Leys. A Belgian-born Sinologist argues persuasively that China, far from being a classless society, is a tyranny ruled by a privileged clique of bureaucrats and generals. *Coming into the Country* by John McPhee. Three lengthy bulletins on Alaska, handcrafted out of diligent reporting and a supple style, magically transform this vast, nearly unspoiled area into a state of mind. *The Diaries of Evelyn Waugh* edited by Michael Davie. One of the century's great novelists discloses incidents in his life (among them the death of a child and a crucial stint as a public school teacher) that he put to brilliant use in his fiction. *Dispatches* by Michael Herr. Combat reports from Viet Nam, circa 1967, fused with afterthoughts ten years in the collecting, conspire to make the war and its aftermath unforgettable. *The Feminization of American Culture* by Ann Douglas. A provocative, tightly reasoned study that locates the roots of American mass consumerism among housewives and the liberal clergy of the 19th century.



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